

# CAVALCADE



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Was The Red Chair Haunted? — Page 4



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# Cavalcade

CONTENTS ★ SEPTEMBER, 1952  
 VOL. 16, No. 4

## FACT

Was the Red Chair Haunted?	George Manning	4
Barren Blood Bath	Ted Jones	8
Science of "Alcoholism Year"	Elmer D. Smith	12
A Handful of Hissies	James Halliday	14
When the Posters Fly	Sydney George Elmer	24
South Seas Men Stealer	Chas. Lusk	24
Health, Vitalize and Seafoam Seeds	Lee Quarks	32
Hell Was in Their Eyes	Lester Way	36
The White-Eyed Rider	J. W. Hennig	40
The Sword of Marrow	Cedric R. Mansley	46

## FICTION

Sleeping Partners	Anna Peck	56
Handy With a Razor	Clivia B. Coney	60
Mary Took Him With Her	Frank S. Greenwood	64

## FEATURES

End of Arguments	56
Purple Strokes	58-70, 82-84
Crime Capades	84
Reunions by Gibson	85-89
Stranger and Stranger	89
Reunions to Better Health	95
Home Plan No. 32, by W. Wilson Sharp	64-68
Deadly Colors	70
Picture Mystery, featuring Keith King	71-78
Talking Poems	98
Cartoons	7, 11, 15, 16, 23, 27, 44-45, 47, 51, 59, 63

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broader than some said it would be, and some actually wanted their opinions that were belaying their own statements, because they couldn't explain why!

After 22 consecutive days of "hypnotic sessions," the tawdry old red rocker on a blue Monday left an arm. It was quickly swapped off when a too careless and excited visitor—probably excited at the prospect of sitting in a ghost's lap for the first time in any person's life—sat down heavily on the arm.

The long suffering partners of Mrs. Holladay, who had been hapless enough in total strangers to hold open house to please unknown curmuses to see the chair, snapped as suddenly as the chair's arm, and broke off, too. She and Floyd Holladay, who was fond of the comfortable old chair, agreed.

"That did it! This week open house for us."

The manufacturers of the Holladay chair, until now quietly making their reconquest at home, finally decided they must go down Clinton, Iowa, to thoroughly convince the prominent chair. Officials of the Kelly Chair Company, after due and careful deliberation, gave as their latest opinion on a Tuesday, that it was their belief "it is so definitely balanced that it rocks at the slightest vibration."

However, they did not state how many of their "definitely balanced" chairs were now rocking unattended by human hands back in their factory where the Holladay chair had been made. They did further suggest it perfectly good technique Holladays tried hard to so realize this suggestion—that a meter in the area could be the dead from which the vibrations commenced.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Monroe Krasner, another Maconite, Iowa couple, told

the Holladays of some strange experiences they had had some years before, when they had loved only two down from the Holladays' house. The Krasners mysteriously actioned, quite unlike the Holladays' rocker, would only rock at night. Mrs. Krasner said, "We said it because it made too much noise."

After the "bewitched" chair had been in motion for 31 days, without a satisfactory explanation for its strange and weird behavior being acceptable to the Holladays, Mrs. Holladay, justly triumphant, announced on a Saturday, that her famous chair was now worth up to \$100 dollars. And the added, earnestly determined, "That we're not sure we'd like that now."

Her reasons for that statement were, "I figure the chair is worth more than \$200 dollars since I have agreed to appear on a New York City television show May 12th."

That that gross sum for which an entire nation waited tensely, had a bit apprehensively. Television, and news radio listeners, couldn't be drawn from their comfortable seats on the slowly gathering suspenseful night of Friday, May 12, 1959.

This daring and eventual debut of the famous Holladays and their weird chair was appearing on a radio-television program of the National Broadcasting Company, popularly known as "We The People". Kelly manufacturers, perform as gallantly as it had since March 23, only an hour after a great sorrow had overwhelmed the family?

AP news stated, "The chair rocked violently during the show—three imperceptibly before and after."

None of these experts "learned speakers" which had been voted back to the Maconite, Iowa home applied to the chair on the stage of the NBC

broadcasting station in New York City. And the chair rocked violently!

Television watchers saw it rock! It was the national splash of news that the chair seemed actually determined "to prove that an unseen intelligence was conscious of all that went on around and about it!"

Yet for eight long years, the Holladays said, their chair was as different than any other chair in their house, it was simply part a rocking chair. The only time it would rock was when somebody was sitting on it—and one could see who was rocking the chair!

Of course, Joseph Dummerger was there! He has been trying for years to dispose scientifically tested claims of those delinquent parties who test the claims of the Great Medicine.

He is called a "materialist" and is the chairman of the Universal Council for Psychic Research, UCPR. A not to be confused with the long established American Society for Psychic Research, with which some of the world's great scientists have been connected in one capacity or another. Dummerger said:

"This chair rocks. So what? It's a rare physical phenomenon—not a psychic one. Perfect balance—that's why."

But Dummerger didn't explain why the particular chair only found its "perfect balance" after eight long years of only rocking in the Holladay home—when a viable body rocked it.

But right after the program, some accidentally into the home, of millions of interested people, Joseph Dummerger found a person who would quickly disagree with him. He was Henry Roberts, an editor of the "Psychics of Nantawassan." Roberts said to Dummerger:

"I disagree absolutely. The chair is perfectly psychic. That chair, I feel,

has psychometric quality of the person who sat in it, a fourth dimensional objectivity!"

In plain words, Henry Roberts meant by the third, psychometric and fourth dimensional objectivity: the spirit body of a now living person is now sitting in that chair, and rocking it as it has been rocked the same since that day, March 23, 1950. That spirit person is fully aware of all that goes on around it!

When Mrs. Holladay was asked the person who liked best to sit in the old red rocker, she answered, "It was Floyd Krasner, my brother-in-law. He enjoyed sitting in that chair whenever he visited us."

Further inquiry revealed that on March 12, 1950, the Holladays moved into the home recently vacated by the Browns who moved to a Maconite County farm. Floyd Krasner died on March 12, after two operations.



# Burmese Blood Bath

In the heyday of its past, under power-mad rulers, Burma was a land to avoid—if you wanted to keep your head.



TODD JONES

SINCE the Second World War, when S Burma made the headlines as the home for Japanese attack on India, it has once more been thrust into the background of world affairs.

But under the smiling politeness of the Burmese lies resentment of Britain as a military power with armies sniffing across the borders into China, Java and India.

Under one of its most famous rulers, Aungmye, the Burmese waged wars of aggression against all of its neighbors, and the Indian border states were among the worst sufferers.

Aungmye believed in the policy of

frightfulness. His smiling, polite Burmese soldiers committed atrocities that would have made Genghis Khan and Tamerlane reemigrate.

One of the favorite Burmese devices to suppress their enemies was to reward their captives and then cut a piece from the still-living victims and eat it in front of them.

Women, children and the aged were not immune from these furies. As these rulers believed that the only enemies to be treated were dead ones, those who did not manage to escape were usually buried together inside bamboo cages and buried alive.

Burma during the past was the happy hunting ground of unscrupulous European adventurers.

Aungmye had no scruples about using the Europeans for his own ends; but when they were detected plotting against him, retaliation was swift and horrible.

A Portuguese named De Brito showed the extremely bad judgment of entering into a plot to capture one of the King's girls.

Unfortunately for him, Aungmye brought troops to the scene with such dispatch that De Brito was outnumbered and trapped.

At the King's orders he was imprisoned. The place of punishment was a small cell looking down on the fort, and such was the delicacy of his torment that he perished for three days before he died.

During the reign of King Mindon and King Thibaw, there was a famous Burmese general named Mahachandala.

On one occasion a military scout brought Mahachandala news that an unexpected force of enemy troops were ready to attack his camp.

He acted with the promptness of the news that he promptly ordered the scout to be executed for bringing such delayed tidings.

Another Burmese general, who was involved in a defeat during one of the many local campaigns, so disgusted his superiors by his lack of enterprise that his immediate execution was ordered by sending over a few furs.

But the disgraced general was not step ahead of his ruler's wishes. He promptly disappeared into the jungle with a small band of followers.

Before he could be apprehended he sent word to the king that he had captured a white elephant, which he was bringing as a gift.

In Burma a white elephant is the

prize for all monarchs. The overjoyed ruler rewarded the general to his former rank with an ample monetary reward as well.

Late in the Burmese Court was never dull. It was never known when a party of political prisoners would be made.

While King Bogyidaw occupied the throne, the need for the courtiers to be constantly on the alert was even greater than usual.

The king had the habit, when annoyed, of suddenly arising and disappearing into an inner room.

When he reappeared, he usually had a spear, which was directed for the person who had caused his displeasure, or in token of some distress, for the first person he saw.

King Mindon, a contemporary of Queen Victoria, had a horror of condemning a person to death.

To spare his feelings, he merely announced to his chief minister that he did not desire to see a particular face again. That made certain that the face and body of the subject consumed over period company.

A new palace had been built at Aungmye, the capital of Burma at that time. To the King's immense disgust, a violent transference descended to the palace.

As it was impossible to punish the architects, Mindon decided to vent his wrath on the architect, whose face was promptly outlawed from the Royal Presence.

A few hours later he decided that, as another palace would have to be built it would be better to keep the architect alive.

Unfortunately, his officers had displayed their usual mad. The nobleman's head had long since parted company with his neck.

Through long wars, the Burmese had come to accept sudden death as a normal event; but the limit of

# GOOD NEIGHBOUR POLICY

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,  
How does your garden grow?  
You look sweet in a garden  
But, begging your pardon,  
I've thought of that long ago

Mary, Mary, I'm too wary,  
Yet, you're a bewitching  
maiden,  
But my wife's away,  
So unless I'll stay,  
For look! what happened to  
Adam.

—ERICA PARRER

their endurance was almost reached during the short reign of King Thibaw and Queen Supayalat.

On the death of Mandon, Thibaw—still only a youth—was selected for the throne as being least likely of the various aspirants to cause trouble.

His treatment did not reckon with his wealth. Supayalat not only continued to control Thibaw, but Burma as well.

His first act after the coronation was to insist on Thibaw the recovery of possession of all who might have any claim to the throne.

Thibaw wanted to impress the unfortunate, but she insisted that he murder them all.

A magnificent theatrical entertainment was arranged with the usual Burmese orchestral accompaniment of drums and gongs. During the three days it was in progress, eighty royal subjects were executed.

The Burmese method of executing usually was quickly held down by law. Prisoners were subjected to death by stroke with a bludgeon on the back

of the neck, quiver and prisoner were disposed of by blows on the throat.

The executioners were asked account for a loathsome deed. As each victim was disposed of, the body was thrust into a red velvet bag, which took the place of a coffin. It was then trampled into the common grave dug for the corpse.

At the end of three days, Thibaw's wishes had been carried out. The men saw the cruelty and selfish acts were thus overlooked and loved.

The brutal, diabolic and shadowy scene was not conducive to proper sentiment. To the horror of the native inhabitants, before long the ground above the grave began to lift and crack.

The royal elephants were ordered to tread over the area to level the dead into their proper place, but it was soon realized that it would be better to remove the bodies.

Orders were therefore given for the entire area to be cleared. The bodies were conveyed by bullock wagon at night and dumped into the Irrawaddy River.

Apart from a minor crime in which Supayalat managed to dispose of a dancing girl who was becoming too popular with Thibaw, Burmese affairs proceeded peacefully for a time.

A son was born to the Queen, but died in infancy during a smallpox epidemic.

The misadventure being asked his subjects to take whatever steps they thought necessary to overcome the epidemic. They decided that the only way to safeguard the city was to separate one hundred men, one hundred women, one hundred boys, one hundred girls and hundred soldiers and one hundred foreigners.

When the news reached the inhabitants outside the palace, a general exodus from the city began.

The king and his advisers were disgusted that the people could be so ungrateful as to avoid so necessary a sacrifice. However, they decided to modify their programme to the extent that they obtained their soldiers from the prisons and buried them close at the city gates during the hours of darkness.

Human sacrifice was not new to Mandalay. When the city was founded, fifty-two persons had been burned alive to protect it from evil. Even the famous Lion Throne, on which the rulers preside, contains the remains of four unfortunates.

Unable to refrain from intrigues, before long Supayalat was again brought to new suspicions as the King's wife. She told him that the few members of royal blood who had

escaped the first massacre, but who were still in prison, were planning to escape and overthrow him.

It was accordingly decided to complicate the whole affair by arranging for an escape. Three prisons were opened, so the digger probably ran out, except that they died.

Representatives the next day counted over three hundred naked bodies, from which hands and feet had been hacked to enable the recovery of the treasure.

Shortly after this little episode, Thibaw, again at Supayalat's instigation, decided he could win a war against Britain.

The Third Burmese War ended in a complete defeat for the Burmese, and a program and exile for life in India for King Thibaw and Queen Supayalat.





He was a headless Red Indian savage—and the Mounted had to get him.

## SILENCING OF "ALMIGHTY VOICE"

IN 1872, under the leadership of the John A. Macdonald, the Canadian Government organized the Royal Canadian North-West Mounted Police. Not very long after that, the authority of the newly-formed organization was put to the supreme test in a case that still ranks as one of the most significant and important in the history of the red-coated Force.

The new organization found itself faced with three main problems.

First, it was patently small in numbers, with a strength of barely three hundred men. Secondly, these tiny forces had an enormous territory to cover, more than half the size of Europe. Thirdly, there was hostility and contempt from the Indians.

There was one Indian in particular, Almighty Voice, who took the most savage delight in harassing and mocking the red-coats. More than once a bullet flew from behind a

bullet came uncomfortably close to a notable riding his best.

The police, however, endured these taunts and acts of hostility in the hope that Almighty Voice would eventually settle down. They were anxious to avoid open trouble.

One day, however, a report of a different nature came in to the two weeks at Regina. Word came that Almighty Voice had stolen a cow. The Commissioner immediately called for Captain Allen.

"You stole that cow," he told the Captain. "So far we have been patient with Almighty Voice, hoping that ultimately he would come to recognize our authority. I've no doubt that Almighty Voice stole that cow for no other purpose than to force us to drive our head. Well, Captain, we theft. The theft must be taken, brought in and punished."

Captain Allen smiled. "I'll direct Sergeant Colbrook to bring Almighty Voice in, sir," he said.

An uneasy atmosphere settled over the barracks when the nature of Sergeant Colbrook's mission became known. There was gravity in Captain Allen's voice as he addressed Sergeant Colbrook in his office.

"We've been expecting something like this, sergeant," he said. "I want you to understand the exact nature of this case. It goes beyond Almighty Voice's theft of a cow. There are not many Indians who recognize our authority as policemen yet. They must be made to recognize that authority and gain respect for the law. This is a test case for our authority."

Completing arrangements for his assignment, Sergeant Colbrook detailed a half-breed guide to accompany him to act as interpreter, the sergeant having no knowledge of the Indian language.

Almighty Voice was camped some

distance out on the prairie. With him were a few other Indians. Not a word was spoken as the Mounted and his guide rode into the camp.

Sergeant Colbrook's eye immediately singled out Almighty Voice. The Indian stood a little apart from his fellows. He was a massive savage with jet-black naked skin.

At sight of the sergeant and his lieutenant, the Indian's thin cruel lips twisted into a sneer. But Colbrook was quick to notice how his hand quickly tightened on his rifle.

Almost ten yards away from Almighty Voice, Colbrook crouched in his horse. To his half-breed interpreter he said "Tell him that I have come to arrest him for theft."

The guide translated this to Almighty Voice. The Indian spit on the ground before him. He said something to the other Indians who immediately laughed jeeringly. Almighty Voice then turned back to the interpreter and spoke again.

"He says," the interpreter told Sergeant Colbrook, "that if you move forward another foot he will shoot you."

The air became electric. Almighty Voice raised his rifle, pointed it directly at the sergeant's breast. In that brief moment, the other Indians bent their combined gaze slowly, menacingly, upon the Mounted.

The Indian's threat was no idle one. Sergeant Colbrook realized that from the expression in the eyes of Almighty Voice.

But into his mind came the words of Captain Allen: "This is a test case for our authority . . . upon it may rest the entire future history of the R.C.M.P."

Sergeant Colbrook did not hesitate. He had been told to get his man, even if it cost him his life.

He looked at the muzzle of the rifle aimed at him, saw the jet black

men of Almighty Voice, separating through the night. To the instructor the sergeant said:

"Tell him I have spoken. Tell him I give him one last chance to come with me peacefully, that he will receive a fair trial and justice."

The guide transmitted the message. Almighty Voice replied without lowering his rifle an inch. The instructor went to Colbrook. "His subject is the same as before."

Hearing this, Sergeant Colbrook leaped no longer. He had tipped the coin. He instant started forward. Suddenly came the western cough of a rifle. Sergeant Colbrook fell from his horse, a bullet in his heart.

When word was received back in Regina of Almighty Voice's cold-blooded slaying of Sergeant Colbrook, news across the province were shaken. A reward was offered for the Indian's apprehension, with a description of the Cree being at once disseminated. In the meantime, the assassin conveniently disappeared.

The search spread from Regina to all points of the compass. Days passed and stretched into weeks. Finally, when all efforts to locate Almighty Voice appeared fruitless, Captain Allen was placed in command of the search.

Weeks passed until the pursuit had spread over a radius of one thousand miles. It became, and still remains, one of the longest man-hunts in the history of the R.C.M.P. Then, one day, a half-breed scout brought word that Almighty Voice had been reported in the vicinity of Duck Lake, 80 miles away.

With a full detachment of men, Captain Allen set forth immediately. On the way to Duck Lake, however, other reports came in which showed the capture was not going to be easy. On the contrary, it threat-

ened to be hazardous in the extreme. "It is no longer just Almighty Voice alone," a scout informed Captain Allen. "He has been organizing several Indian tribes against the whole R.C.M.P. The Cree in particular appear to have gone over en masse to his side. It is hard to say how many Indians he has with him, maybe a hundred, perhaps more, many more. They are working, fully armed. If you are ever to take Almighty Voice, you will have to take them all."

The man went barely over the horizon when the detachment arrived in the vicinity of Duck Lake. Here they were greeted with information that Almighty Voice, with many other Indians behind him, was stationed behind some bluffs.

Hardly had the Mounted put in their appearance when they were hailed with a volley of lead that forced them to spread out and seek shelter. As it was, some of Allen's party had been hit and seriously wounded.

The police could not advance, and to retire was out of the question. Consequently, a snare-bay line was kept up on both sides throughout the day.

Finally, Captain Allen decided upon a bold move. It was risky, it would mean shooting forward for a moment, but there was a slim chance that an appeal might be effective. He moved up from his shelter.

"We are not here to fight against our Indian friends," he called. "We are simply here to arrest one of you for murder. That man is Almighty Voice. Do not let him make victims of you all. I promise that if Almighty Voice surrenders, he will be given a fair and fair hearing. While the rest of you will be allowed to return peacefully to your homes."

The answer was the crack of a rifle

fired by Almighty Voice, himself. Captain Allen staggered as a bullet struck the way into his shoulder. It was a bad wound but not mortal, and it was the only reply received to his offer.

As darkness set in, Captain Allen dispatched a man back to the headquarters at Regina. The result of this message was soon forthcoming the following day with the arrival on the scene of a fresh group of Mounted men—500 men up behind them.

That began the famous Battle of Duck Lake. After a few shells had been fired into the bluffs, the Mounted Police made a concerted rush. The hostilities that followed were vigorous and bloody on both sides. When it was over, 11 dead Indians were counted on the ground.

One of those was a handsome man with thin steel hair. Captain Allen looked about him at the slaughter, looked at his own wounded men and felt the beatings on his shoulder. Then he looked back at the fallen savage.

"And all because he stole a cow," he said sorrowfully. He thought of Sergeant Colbrook, and how that valiant man had ridden valiantly to his death. "Perhaps now the Indians will come to realize that the Mounted Police stand for law, order and justice in Canada."

Captain Allen was right. From that day on, the Indians regarded Canada's red-coated guardians with a new respect. The slaying of Almighty Voice had proved a test case indeed.







JAMES HOLLIDGE

## A HANDFUL OF HOAXERS

Except for the poor victims, everyone can laugh at a really good hoax. Here are a few assigned jokes now regarded as classics.



THE art of the hoaxer has a long and glazy record. He has flourished since the days of Mephistopheles, rascally players and other imaginative apes.

Not until the 19th Century, however, did he burst into full bloom with the sort of ingenuity and imaginative frenzy that we either laugh at or get mad about today.

Most famous and inspired of all the modern hoaxers was a certain Holman de Vere Cole. He died in 1903, having devoted his life and fortune to the construction of 50 recorded classic hoaxes.

One day in 1811, the Admiral of His Majesty's House Fleet anchored at Portsmouth received a telegram aboard his flagship, *Broadnought*. It was signed by Lord Hardinge, the Permanent Under-Secretary of the

Foreign Office, and informed him that the Emperor of Algiers was arriving by train that morning on a visit of inspection.

The Admiral's sole natural desire to make preparations. Before the train drew in, he had the red ceremonial carpet unrolled.

At last the Emperor descended. He looked a little uncomfortable (though was really not to be wondered at as he had never been an emperor before). Like the four other barbed, reded and bearded members of his party, he was a friend of Boswell Cole, talked into taking part in the "hoax of the century."

Cole himself was posing as an official of the Foreign Office. He stage-managed the party and got them through the drawing and on to the Admiral's barge without trouble

On the deck of the *Broadnought*, uniforms were drawn up. The Admiral and his staff greeted the visitors. The band played the National Anthem of Kanabon, not knowing that of Algiers.

For most of his time on the water-ship, Cole enjoyed himself royally in the wardrobe. But the "Algiersmen" frightened of the effect on their dressing boards and make-up, had to refuse all refreshment.

Cole explained their disappearance as religious scruples.

At the end of the day, the "Emperor" and his party pleaded urgent engagements in London, and excused to share in the barge—without suffering the ordeal of the 181-gun salute reserved for Royal Monarchs.

One of the best—and also one of the most representative—of Holman Cole's inspired hoaxes (he died a poor man as a result of the high costs of elaborate hoaxes), was "The sale of the Crown of Christ."

Not long after the conclusion of World War I, he heard that a notorious millionaire western millionaire was offering to buy the sovereignty of one one of the lesser European nations. Several of them were "landed" in the post-war political chaos, and the ambitious millionaire did not see why he could not purchase himself a suitable throne.

It was obviously the good an opportunity for Cole to rise. A mission was sent, furnished and staffed on the Great Legation Observer "Applauder" approached the millionaire. After much negotiation, he was permitted to interview the Great "Ambassador."

Cole, as the "Ambassador," gave the performance of his career. After dragging vague hints about a possible American deal for the "throne," he soon had the victim begging him

to accept two million pounds as a donation by the Great Treasury.

An agreement was drawn up. The millionaire was to be crowned King of the grateful nation of a sovereign in the Legation. High "Great" dignitaries were to journey to London for the purpose.

On the appointed day, resplendent in full, heavily-jeweled, Court regalia dress, the millionaire arrived at the Legation. With eager haste, he was conducted by footmen and officials to the bathroom.

The door was flung open. The millionaire was ushered in. Half London, it seemed, to his expect gaze, was standing there.

Glasses in hand, they drank to much honor to a genuine picture frame on the wall. In it, he could see, was his own design for the throne.

Another instance of world-wide repute was an eccentric former English Army Major, named Robert Noble. His happy hunting ground was the little town of Kanabon in British Columbia, where he lived out his years of retirement until he died in 1917. An anachronism, his "Famous Black Swatching Room" was a masterpiece.

The trick was played in an office in which Noble was working. The day the victim appeared, wearing what was obviously a brand new Homburg, the hoaxer surreptitiously examined it.

At lunchtime he went out and bought another hat identical in every respect but one—the second hat was half a size larger.

Sometime during the afternoon he switched hats. When the victim put on his Homburg to go home, he found it wobbled loosely on his head and was in danger of falling down over his ears.

The following day the victim appeared wearing the substituted hat

Want a haunted house? ... Well, instant entry to Britain's ghastliest home is now in Hatfield Road. Three spectres have taken them over this hall. First is a woman, who suddenly steps out of ladies' walls ... while they are unbuttoned. The second is a ghost of a "little old lady in grey" who dresses modestly by sitting without warning by the fire-side. But the third has perched really weird. It's a damp baby who smugles up bumps there in bed.

again—but with faded paper inside the band. During the morning Noble again switched hats, returning from his original Homburg, which, however, had now also been lined with paper.

At luncheon, when the owner  
downed his hat, he found it on  
the top of his head. In a frenzy, he  
rushed around to the shop where he  
had bought it.

The assistant examined it, found that it was the man's right arm and asked, "What's the idea of putting paper in it?" Of course, it wasn't his, was it?"

Blushing, the victim spent ten minutes trying to explain that the previous evening it had been too hot. Then, noting the waitress's obviously bored and disbelieving look, he hurried out of the store.

During the afternoon, the larger hat, with the paper now removed, was again substituted. The former victim went through his ordeal all over again.

"The swinging of Hamburg," observed Bala, attentively, "continued until the water threw one of them on the floor and jumped on it in a mad way."

Antibiotics, too, have perpetrated some classic blunders.

Who has forgotten the Erythraean  
affairs in 1868?

An Adelaide high-brow literary magazine published a long series of "poems"—such, if anything, more meaningless than the first.

With a great fanfare, it announced them as the inspired work of a brilliant young poet named Ken Kesey.

For a few weeks the news of King Kelly reverberated around the country. A lecture on literature at Adelaide University discussed and praised the "poet." They were fervently dispatched volumes for publication in reducing examples of Australian verse.

Then the happy burst. Two young Servicemen revealed they had invented Miley and had accepted the "prize" in the moderate manner. They wrote the lot in one afternoon by strapping together disconnected lines from scores of different poems. Soon after that, the Ashland magazine ceased publication.

When "Em. Yellow" was put alone,

Just before the last war, a self-styled "prince of provincial poker" landed upon Sydney from the United States. For several weeks, no one was safe from his exploding wares, water-seeping bathstubs and other tricks.

Several university students, no-doubtfully, decided to give him a taste of his own medicine.

In a hurriedly laid timbers, they went down to the inner Marston, at Fowler Quay, on which the Mary Anne was moored.

Then they presented him with an infinitely enlarged lentition, and

The Lord Mayor, the City of Sydney and State," it was wished, "request the pleasure of the courtesy of — at a Cocktail Luncheon at the Reception House, Darlinghurst, to celebrate the 125th Anniversary of the foundation of the Colony of New South Wales from Van Diemen's Land. *God Save the King!*"

Delighted at the honour, the Arseni-  
ous, bravely dressed and armed  
the son to attend.

"In real Fifth Avenue style," he claims, collected "new design was in the

John: I got a hunch something was wrong when they dropped me inside the gate and I saw a lot of nurses that I knacked at the door, headed on the road and asked for the Lord. <sup>12</sup>

Heckly resumed, the Superintendent told the visitor where he was. "Gee!" he cried in his own picturesque phrase. "Wrong end in a nut factory! Back to Fresno they say I'm a kidnapping! But I had to come to Sydney to find I'm just a clerk."

He can now report what the Lord  
thinks lead to now

## EDITING STORY

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In the American Southern States the ancient English sport of cockfighting has been revived with a pay-off in real money.

## When the Feathers Fly

A THOUSAND people — men and women — crammed themselves sympathetic to its capacity. They were tense and silent, and their attention was fixed on a shallow, circular pit around which they sat in stately, tiered rows.

The floor of the pit was 18 feet in diameter. Down there, two fighting cocks were battling, darting and savagely striking in a furious battle to the death.

The building was on the outskirts of a city situated way down on the south of the United States of America. The occasion was the Annual International Cocking Tournament Meeting, featuring the world's greatest fighting fowls.

Three hundred years ago, in England, where the pastime grew to popularity, cock fighting was known as a poor man's sport. How different in modern America to-day!

Contestants in top-class tournaments, such as the International, need to have any means to hundreds of



dollars. They put up their own purses and meet all their own expenses. Some travel many times a thousand miles to watch their birds.

In a tournament of 25 contestants, an entrant must lodge a substantial sum of hard cash as a guarantee that on the due date, he will provide 10 feathered fighters of specified weight, ranging from four pounds twelve ounces to six pounds two ounces. The arrangement is that each contestant must carry other contestants, and the man whose birds win most of the encounters becomes the winner.

At the International meeting, a derby was conducted on each of two days immediately prior to the big tournament. They were akin to the preliminary bouts at a boxing stadium.

The difference between a derby and a tournament is that, in the latter, a string of birds meet each be of a special weight, and one man's repre-

sentatives must meet those of every other entrant. In a derby, a maximum and minimum weight are declared, and birds of equal or close weights are matched, irrespective of ownership.

The International Cocking Tournament requires 1,000 dollars entry fee, and the two derbies add for 500 dollars each. Appropriate prize-money for the meeting reaches 50,000 dollars.

As the time approaches for the opening match of the series, waves of excitement sweep through the waiting crowd. Long before the first gasp of battle has had the deadly steel spurs strapped to their legs, the ticket holders are in a fever.

At last comes the announcement through the loud speakers. A pair of feathered blue-bloods is being brought to the pit for battle.

The gates reach the dust via a back door and on a flyway. Each carrying his bird. The gatekeepers are armed and their feathers are trimmed.

One is a Cocking Protection Gray —a silver gray with a dark brown head and dark legs. The other is blood red—a true Chert. They are placed on the scales separately. Each must weigh exactly four pounds and twelve ounces.

Now the betting commences and there is plenty of big money on hand. "I'll lay a thousand to seven fifty on the Gray," calls a confident professional wearing an expensive tuxedo coat and a pair of heavy diamond-studded glasses. Someone, beginning the Chert, takes the bet three times.

When the big betting bags have set their weight, odds have been established and the small punter has his specifications. His stakes are any amount between twenty-five dollars and a hundred, and he of less than twenty-five is rarely seen.

The gray and the red birds are released, and they rush towards each

other furiously. They collide in mid-air, at least three feet above the ground. With wings flapping and claws bashing each, sixteen furiously to throw the other off balance.

Suddenly the red bird drops, and there is a fall from the seats. "He's rattled!" If you are familiar with cock fighting, you know that the spectator considers that the Chert has had a blow which interfered with its breathing—thus causing a rattling sound in the throat.

The odds along the Gray are now top heavy. "One hundred to fifty on" is called. The big bettor isn't often wrong in guessing an injury. Hardly do they rise a third third.

In the Gray versus Chert match, however, the drummer was incorrect. Chert recovered to fight on. The battle was in the throat only. The legs were unaffected. At the end of 15 minutes they were both still fighting furiously.

Now they were blown in the dust pit, a smaller ring for the decimation of birds not considered as the larger arena. After half an hour of struggling in the dust pit, both birds were completely exhausted. Neither had the strength or energy to strike a death blow.

Eventually Chert was tottering on rubbery claws, while Gray had collapsed from sheer exhaustion. The red bird took the decimation on a count-out—a T.E.O. The betting gate in the second and glasses had left his money in.

The fight is fully organized. Professionals are directed through a microphone and amplifying system. At the microphone is the editor of a top-line game local magazine. He has a voice of authority, and he has full responsibility to match it. He translates the pair of cocks from the main pit to the smaller ground, and directs a new set to take over.

# PRETTY, PLEASE!

She loved nice things. It seemed a pity  
To disappoint her, she was so pretty.  
She loved fur coats and diamond rings  
And any manner of pretty things  
So I invited her on a trip to town,  
We dail the windows up and down,  
She said "Go-er" and "Ah" and "Oh",  
She took my arm and didn't let go  
Till I suggested we call it a day,  
Then you should have heard what she had to say!

—ERICA PARKER

On the second day of this recent tournament, an unknown Gray passer from Texas gave the knowledgeable patrons a shock and a new standard of cock-fighting fortitude.

He entered the ring at five pounds and two ounces. His opponent was a Blue-Round-bell Crow, almost completely black, even to the comb and wattle. They clashed in mad-runs, spurs clanking and feathers spread like diers. There was strike and parry at storming speed.

There commenced the advantage—a bill-hold and a rising back-sip, or a flank attack with the two and a half inch needle-sharp spur thrusting deep into the body.

Such a match couldn't possibly continue for long. It didn't! The gray bird struck his opponent a heavy blow below the head, and the dark bird was carried out by the rail-

in darkness every and with broken

An hour later the successful Texas Gray was back in the arena—the time matched with a Yankee Clipper in the 101 class. The Gray flattered in the fray with a daring leap that shot him higher than that of his first fight. The Clipper didn't leave the ring soon. The Gray walked overhead. As he landed, pivoting to lose his opponent, the Clipper paled on to him. They crashed together, and in a split second the Clipper had used his advantage and struck. His gulf was collected in the wing of the Texas bird.

"Put your cock!" called the referee.

Both handlers rushed forward and separated the birds. During the fifteen seconds period allowed between patterns, the Texas man stopped the bleeding of the Gray's wing by rubbing dirt from the face into the

wound. The order came to release the birds.

There was some very stalling and evasive shuffling for five minutes before the birds engaged. The Gray cock went in from the right and clamped the Clipper's neck in the deadly bill-hold, kicking the spur directly into his body just beneath the wing. The referee called "Till", but the Clipper was dead.

One fight in a finish should be sufficient activity in a day for a champion cock. Two within an hour should dull the faculty of any super champion, but the Gray was matched still once more—but only after a lengthy discussion between officials.

This time the Gray cock met a Brown-Had Tamed! It was a sharp-fist that lasted a full hour. The Gray had drilled his brilliance with his two earlier fights, but marvelous caution pulled him through his final test. The Tamed was out cold when the count was applied, and a tired but victorious Texas Gray had become the hero of the morning.

Maybe you are wondering what becomes of the birds who die in battle? All defeated gamecocks are presented to the local hospital, where they provide poultry soup for grateful inmates. Starvation, athletic fighting rules would prove too tough on baked chicken.



# SOUTH SEAS MAN STEALER

Of all the infamous blackbirders who once infested the South Seas the most notorious was shrewd hogs Remy Lewis.



CLERM LACK

UNTIL well into the eighties of last century, the South Seas was the haunt of adventurers and scoundrels of every nationality.

Most of them died suddenly with their heads cut—from the throat of a native blackbirded or from the thrust of a palmwood javelin between the shoulder blades on an island jungle trail.

Their schooners would put into Townsville, Maryborough or Mackay and land their cargoes of black ivory.

After roasting for the night on a veranda terrace, they would sail with the tide at dawn—never to be seen again.

One of the most notorious of all these adventurers, pirates, blackbirders and gun smugglers was Remy Lewis. He was a man born out of due time. One day out on heights with massive chest, rippling muscles, one day and no thought of fear—he was a hairdresser from the age of four-

As a lad from an English village, he had floated out from home and was away to sea. He enlisted in the Royal Navy and served in Chinese waters during the China war.

Constantly in trouble and scrapes where, he was too much of a hand-ful even for that renowned bander of tough men, the British Navy, and they were glad to get rid of him. For the next couple of years, he sailed as a member of the dandified crew of a British blockade runner for the South in the American Civil War.

In 1863 Lewis worked his way out to Australia. He first appears on the stage of Queensland history in that year, becoming second mate and co-captain of the 130-ton *Don Juan*.

His owner was the Hon. Robert Torrens, a Sydney merchant and member of the Legislative Council. He ran a 400-acre cotton plantation on the Lagoon River and needed a constant stream of hand-labour to work it.

In August, 1863, the *Don Juan* set sail for the South Seas in search of recruits. Lewis, as recruiter, had special instructions from Torrens to treat the natives with the "greatest kindness and on no account to allow them to be ill-used."

Such samples did not fit in with Lewis's own ideas and he did not stay long in Torrens's service. He set up on his own account as a black-bagger (loaded with peering occurrences in the Darling Street), and speedily acquired wealth.

In 1867, Lewis was living in Stanley Street, South Brisbane, and advertising his willingness to recruit natives at £1 a head for the sugar plantations. He had two schooners—*Spunkie* and *Deephoe*—and regularly ran cargoes of bananas to Brisbane, Northern ports and Fiji. He had established a permanent recruiting station at Townsville in the Hebrides.

Two years later the *Deephoe* was

unhappily caught to put into Levuka, Fiji, while R.M.S. Kosara was there.

An investigative party of black-peddlers from the Kosara searched the ship and found 100 naked natives huddled together with barely enough room to move. Captain Palmer of the Kosara accordingly accused the *Deephoe* on a charge of illegal kidnapping.

Captain Palmer made no bones about telling the Sydney Morning Herald (May 23, 1869) that a wholesale system of slave traffic in its worst form existed in the Hebrides.

However, in court, his Honour Mr Alfred Sturtess dismissed the charge, refusing to accept native testimony. Nevertheless, the evidence against Lewis was sufficiently strong to cause the Queensland Government to revoke his licence as a recruiter.

But being deprived of an official licence meant little to Lewis. He continued to supply natives to other recruiters. Commodore Wilson, in a report on the banana trade to the Queensland Government in 1883, presently described him as the most successful man-stealer in the Pacific.

Lewis and his band would return to our hearts to obtain bananas for the sugar plantations of Fiji and Queensland. Fierce competition between rival recruiters sometimes broke out in open warfare. Every schooner carried its armory of rifle and revolvers and a collection of hand-knives.

Recruiters would encounter, trade, workmen, and even use knife against another. Several young men could be bought from a chief for the price of a market. After a time, however, the market became dearer and one kanaka was worth one market.

Various punishments, including native women as slaves, were used to entice young men to the deck of a schooner. They would be lashed to get below, the butcher would be closed on them

**The American Fur's Way of Life . . .** A current big-game industry in the United States is the Indian, mounted, hunting, education, transportation, recreation and even buying of the nation's 25 million dogs. With the booming conditions of the post-war years, the canine standard of living has risen to fantastic heights. The 300 million dollars a year now spent on these canines the national fairs of such states as Wyoming, Nevada and Vermont.

and the pleasure would not away.

Naturally the trade was enormously lucrative. One shipment of beavers could be worth more than \$2000. After paying \$50 Government license fee for each animal, the blackskins would still net up to \$250 on each skin.

Lewis, who married a Tennessean girl, settled permanently at Tama. He established and developed a large plantation on the western side of the island, and lived like a feudal baron of the Middle Ages.

It was Lewis's house, proved in many a rough and tumble fight, that he forced no man living. Nevertheless, he took no chances with the safety of himself, his wife and child.

His home, a spacious bungalow with wide veranda, was constructed with all the strength of a modern fortress. Its walls were built of solid rock foundations. Upon them were tiers of coral blocks up to four feet in thickness and converted into piers. They were designed to with-

stand the fiercest tornado, or even the onslaught of an attacking ship.

A bodyguard of 100 well-armed warriors acted as Lewis's trusted army as well as takersmen for his slave gangs. They came from Mallicolo and were hereditary enemies of the Tama natives, whom they treated with merciless cruelty.

Their armory ranged from primitive weapons to modern. Bone-tipped arrows poisoned in deadly fungus growth, needle-pointed palm-wood javelins, spears with clusters of barbed points made of bone and heavy curved stone clubs were their specialties.

For ten years Lewis reigned as unopposed king of Tama. He prospered and became one of the most powerful barons in the New Hebrides.

But there is generally a selfishness for despots. Lewis eventually got his.

One day shortly after his mid-day dinner, Lewis strolled out of his coral fortress and began to tramp himself with pulling out some twelve slaves under the veranda.

Three days previously he had in a fit of rage drawn his revolver and shot dead a native he detected stealing a bunch of bananas. The dead man's woman had vowed vengeance and only waited his opportunity.

He had stolen a native and looked about patiently. Hidden behind a palm tree, as Lewis with his back turned was digging up the tender, he took careful aim and fired.

Shot in the middle of the back, Lewis staggered, stood erect for a moment and then fell prone in a crumpled heap. Throwing his weapon aside, the native fled for the shelter of the woods.

Among the shot, Mrs. Lewis hurriedly placed her babe in its cot and ran out to the veranda. She heard her husband groan, and was horrified to see him lying on the ground in an

obscene, writhing pool of blood.

He opened his eyes, and with his assistance groped his way up the steps into the house. Hands, however, he collapsed and, after spasmodic attempts to speak, died in his wife's arms.

Peeking on the brow of their master, the bodyguard—fearing that the Tama natives were about to attack them for revenge—raced down to the beach, warned their names and set off back to their own island.

Soon after, Mrs. Lewis's brother returned from a trading expedition to the other side of the island. He found her alone with her dead husband.

Whether whether he had to face an attack from Tama natives as a widower's sword, he looked and bared all the doors and prepared for a war. He and four trusted Mallicolo houseboys were the only persons.

With loaded rifles in their hands, they waited beside the lookholes into the afternoon and early dusk for an attack that never came. Although he was positive hundreds of eyes were watching the house, the white men eventually secured around outside, but he could see nobody.

Eventually he collected some provisions and made ready for an escape by sea, being convinced that if they remained they would soon be the victims of a concerted trait.

Just as dusk was falling, the little possession left for the beach. The white men walked in front, with her

wife at the ready and looking warily to the right and left of the narrow trail. Then came Mrs. Lewis clamping her baby. Behind her trotted the four Mallicolo boys, carrying Lewis's body on a stretcher.

In the falling dusk, the pathway was a ghastly corridor, pocked with whistling voices, each rattle from the jungle thought with menace. Every moment they expected the dreadful yell of ambushed natives and a rush of dark bodies. But, such was the time and awe in which Lewis was held, they were unobserved. They reached the beach safely, just as night fell.

They pushed off in Lewis's cutter, which was anchored near the shore, and several hours later reached the safety of a steamer station on another part of the island.

But, Lewis's body was carried ashore. With the assistance of Mallicolo natives, it was buried in an open place not far from the woman's house.

Lewis's faithful houseboys, taking their lives in their hands, returned in the boat to the homestead and recovered Mrs. Lewis's personal property. Although they were watched by hundreds of Mallicolo natives, they were not captured.

Months afterwards, Mrs. Lewis made a sad farewell to the South Sea of tragic memory and returned with the child to her people in Townsville.



## THE END of Arguments



### Do Spectacles Make Your Eyes Weaker?

Well, your guess is as good as ours. The expert view, however, is that they improve vision, relieve eyestrain and cannot make anyone's eyes worse. They admit, however, that people who wear them unnecessarily do become so used to them that they are apt to get poorer as well without them. In middle-age people need stronger spectacles every two or three years. The cause is a weakening of the ciliary muscles of the eyes. It happens, however, to everyone—whether they wear spectacles or not. No treatment or exercises can correct it—no glasses seem to be the only answer.

### Are Motherless Pigs Hapless?

If getting fat faster is any index they certainly are. Latest pig-raising gambark in the States is synthetic sow's milk for baby pigs, which are taken from their mothers two days after birth. Using the synthetic, too, swarms, farmers have devised a product which they claim makes the piglets 10 to 25 per cent heavier in their first eight weeks of spending life. Believed of the necessity of feeding their blood, the sow can get on the job again without delay—will produce twice as many litters a year. Is There Money in Sows' Milk?

Now you wonder, here's one for you. Have you been coming out in a fortune? Daily sweep ups for processed woodwork are coming to light.

Latest is from Oslo, where a factory is using it to make window sills—and the rate of 25 million yards a month. For some time, in Britain and America, Germanies of woodwork have been used in the manufacture of dental plates, rayons, synthetic rubber, waterproof sheeting, plastics, ice cream and jelly. There is no present no market for the wood in Australia, but in New Zealand cellulosers are receiving more than £100 a ton for dried wood delivered to a recently-established factory. Are Kids Funny Folks?

Not definitely! For nearly 2000 years they have been interesting people. Aristotle devoted some time to their study and concluded they had "no sin, no eggs and uninitiated in the attitude of the sea." That, of course, was ridiculous, but their propensity was a mystery—and remained so until the late 18th Century. Then biologists concluded that they swam in the depths of the ocean. Soon after the parents die, and the young orphans always make their way shorewards. They hold up in errors and mistakes for the next half dozen or so years—until they reach sexual maturity. Then out they go again to the privacy of the deep and the cycle is repeated. Occasional muffs who do not mature remain in the errors. They don't leave their den, but they do live longer—so much as 20 years, in which they can grow to six feet in length and 20 pounds in weight.



## HELL with HOODOOS

What's this? We always thought theatre folk were notoriously superstitious. . . you know, about black cats, picking up pins, throwing salt over the left shoulder and that sort of thing. These two ladies from Billy Rose's heavy room seem to have other ideas. Embarked on an array of jinx mooning in Beverly Hills for the last and first Broadway. Prospects of seven years' bad luck for leaving the altar don't seem to worry these carefree ladies. If you're superstitious, not at all mind telling your side. There's more to come.

CINEMA, September, 1932 29



According to their horoscopes these two devil-may-care, lily-livered dolls  
 were both born under lucky stars. . . . oh brother, they'll certainly need to be  
 . . . this umbrella just has opened in their dressing room could indicate the  
 most trifling misfortune. . . . phooey, say the girls, merely an assumed  
 superstition of people who don't know any better. . . . oh well, with Heaven  
 like that, they shouldn't have to worry about their fortunes anyway.



Just for some, my dearest darling, don't you think you might be  
 overdoing things by walking under that ladder? . . . what's that you say?  
 oh, we are. . . . It's quite safe if you make a wish as you do the dice  
 deed. . . . that's an idea. . . . can we have a wish too? . . . I'll right, we  
 wish we could make the third on the match that's going to light those cigarettes  
 for that, dear ladies, we'd also say 'to hell with hoodlums!'



LEE  
GUARDE



## Health, Vitamins and Sunflower Seeds

In this common garden plant are medicinal properties of great value.

SUNFLOWER seeds, long only considered fit food for gerrets, have been re-discovered in the United States as a valuable vitamin-packed delicacy.

Millions of health seekers there are daily choosing large quantities of what has been called "Nature's own vitamin pill." Russians say that every sunflower seed is "a little sun-lamp in your digestive system."

They say that the soft, succulent, roasty center of the seed is beneficial to crumpled, complexion and the fingertips. It can control blood pressure, soothe red-hot nerves and put a curb on increasing weight.

The stamp of official approval has been placed on sunflower seeds by the United States Department of

Agriculture. Its experts declare that they are rich in nitrogen, calcium, phosphorus, iron, carotene, thiamine, riboflavin and niacin.

Incredible as it may sound, laboratory tests have proved that these little striped seeds are as high in protein content as prime select beef. They are said to be charged with more vitamin value (A, B and C) than any other field crop.

Apparently other men, in earlier ages, realized that sunflower seeds, related so easily by the birds, must have nutritious health qualities.

Sunflowers were grown in the Americas long before the coming of Europeans. The latest developed the tall, stiff, yellow-flowering plant as a "manifestation of the sun god-

ness." They ground the seeds into a meal for baking.

The Russians, too, have long realized the worth of sunflower seeds. In the days of the Cossacks, each man was armed with two and a half pounds of seeds per day as an ration. Soviet workers now still show great quantities of freshly roasted seeds.

In the United States today, sunflower seeds are served as home flowers or as an addition to breakfast cereals. Vegetation establishments everywhere are featuring them. They will provide your sunflower nourishment either as a pleasant, tasty drink or as a tasty paste to be spread on bread.

At confectionery shops, sunflower seeds are sold roasted and salted. They are already competing with peanuts and popcorn as favors.

Sailors have also jumped on the wagon. Many are now providing sunflower seeds as a free custom basket—instead of pencils, pens and other former luxuries.

The cause of this furore, and the introduction of the lovely sunflower seed as an important item of human consumption, is a Californian farmer named Arnel de Vlieger.

For years he grew sunflower seeds for the same purpose as they are grown today in Australia and other countries—the parrot food, animal fodder and the oil in the seeds. Then, one day in 1930, while watching birds pecking away at the growing seeds, he felt curious about the taste and started chewing a few of them.

They tasted so good he started to taste thistles and wrote letters to experts and government agencies for information about them too. As a result, he learned of their age-old history as human food.

De Vlieger started his own promotion campaign—with retailers in

every city in the United States. He planned to sell to them direct. To confectionery and health shops, and any other merchant who might be able to stock his seeds needs, he wrote a personal letter. The pointed, polite demand for the seeds, he told them, was "the hottest topic to come out of California since the Gold Rush."

With intensive production methods, and the use of two huge harvesters he managed himself to collect every last seed, de Vlieger, who calls himself the "Sunflower King of the World," is now making \$50,000 dollars a year out of the former parrot food.

In England, too, sunflower growing is rapidly increasing in importance, although as yet no efforts have been made to utilize the seeds as a health food. A similar history was recently told in Massachusetts to promote the seeds into vegetable fat and oil, for which there is a great unmet demand.

Experiments have shown that a great variety of products may be developed from the seeds or their oil. These include margarine, cream, poultry feed and oil cubes for livestock. It is believed that later honey and dye from the blossoms, and even a tobacco substitute from the leaves, may be added to the list.

The Commonwealth Department of Agriculture is trying to interest Australian farmers in the potentialities of sunflowers as a commercial crop in Australia, but as yet only small areas have been sown. It is a pity, for as a source of edible oil, along the plant is a sure money-maker.

Also, when the public realizes the vitamin benefits of the seeds, it seems certain that the sunflower will be put as rich a commerce in its growth here as it is now to Arnel de Vlieger in California.

# Crime Capsules



## GOOD SAMARITAN

In Columbus (U.S.), recently, Robert Pauline went off to the local bar with \$5 dollars in his pocket. A friend arrived on a bad driving charge. The money was paid and the friend was released. Both were cheerfully departing from the premises when an eagle-eyed waitress of the bar recognized Mr. Pauline as a rascal; he had once cheated with the same offense—and who had failed to appear. With an \$5 dollar, the luckless Pauline was thrown into the cell just vacated by his friend.

## RAFFLES IN UNIFORM

Last year's (last) robbery of the age was the taking in 1945 of two trunks of pure loach from the 200th from Keweenaw Castle, near Franklin (Germany). Participants were two U.S. Army officers and a W.A.C. Captain. Only half the loot was recovered when the subjects were arrested in Chicago, a year later. Misadventure of the plot, a Colonel, is still serving his 15 years sentence. But justice is irretrievable. The two accomplices got shorter rags . . . as a matter of fact they're now on the loose again. The W.A.C., who married the Colonel, and was with him on three honeymoon when arrested, has stated she will be waiting for him when he is released.

## THERE'S THE RUB . . .

Living Loren of Van Nuys (California) is an honest man. When he found a halting wallet not long ago, he immediately had himself to the local postoffice and handed it over. Replied with his good deed for the day, he returned to his car—and found he had been locked for illegal parking. But our hero really threw an sympathy for Loren: Rags, of Standard (California). He paid Ernest stopped his truck on a highway to go to the end of a mattress in an overturned jockey. He had no money left than a truck covered up behind and smashed into his car. When the constabulary arrived, they arrested Rags—for obstructing traffic.

## THE FINGER'S ON YOU . . .

Be wary, be wary. Someone's been forging fingerprints in America, since we regularly reported lately of attempts by auto-thefters, second-story-men and even murderers to leave imitation fingerprints at the scene of their depredations. No one knows if it has ever been successful, because the only cases on record, naturally, are the ones detected (Despite official claims that to the expert they are always distinguishable from the more clearly and recurrent, it's a sobering thought that one day some "Morphingolite" will succeed in planting a fake—and really put the finger on an innocent man.



PHOTOGRAPH BY STUDIO STAR

# SLEEPING PARTNER

SHE HELD HIM CLOSE AND BEGGED HIM TO MAKE LOVE TO HER—SO HER HUSBAND WOULD HAVE AN EXCUSE FOR MURDER

ARNE FAULSTICH • FICTION

THERE was nothing about the service station to tip me off to the unexpected. . . it was just another of those lonely outback places, tumble-down and in need of paint. Flashed water tanks squatted around the building like red-flashed broody hens. It needed money spent on it—big money. And that's where I came in.

"What do you think of it?" Dolan asked me.

I grinned: "A week, just as you wanted me, but with dough, a little cold-cream." Already I could picture it with cabinet attached, perfume corner and floor-by-tank seats, neon sign. "You've got a nice little corner here, Dolan."

"We have," he corrected, and patted his breast pocket. "Pardon—"

He reversed the Ford in behind the barrels and jerked a door open. "Folks come in and meet our sleeping partner," he said.

It was a coupe and followed him round the back. It was even an worse condition than the front—if not worse possibly—but it would suit my purpose.

"Don't mind me, he'll be through the bushes, do you?" Dolan asked.

I grinned. "Dolan, the first ones at night," I said.

He showed the door that looked as

and hollowed. "You there Jackie?"

We could hear footsteps on the stairs, but they were light and quick—too light for a man you could trust. I had my first question.

"Meet Jackie?" Dolan said. "Jackie—Ben Jardsdown."

I caught my breath and stared at her snug and hard. I don't know what I had expected, but certainly not this.

Dolan grinned. "Never take things for granted, Ben, it's a bad policy. Jackie is short for Jacqueline. She's our sleeping partner."

I groaned back. "Tush," I drawled. "but what I want to know is how far she carries it." I looked her over. My eyes roved down the top of her chestnut head to the tip of the smart knot I'd ever seen. When she had uncrossed in between there, not more women than any person I had any proportion had any right to be.

I didn't even notice that Dolan had left us to it and gone back to his rattle-dog Ford I was engaged. I said: "That shade of blue suits you."

She said: "You like blue? Most men do."

"I'm not most men," I said slowly. "I hate blue. But on you, Jackie. You do something to it."

She smiled and I retraced her and her lips were, even without make-up. It made me wonder if you, if there, whether her life would look pale against them. I walked back



He scurried with my three thousand. All I had was a bewildering partridge bundle with preoccupation in every soft move.

Harvey



# CORRECTION

Somebody told me—  
It sounded fun—  
That two could live  
As cheap as one  
I can't add up  
And I can't subtract,  
But they assured me  
It was plain fact  
But here's where the flaw  
Is in the reason for:  
You don't need more  
To multiply

—ERICA PARKER

my and had said. "It's my eyes," she said. "Most roadwrecks have green ones."

I couldn't think what she was talking about. I was concentrating on her lips still.

I looked at her eyes. They were blue as sea waves. Our eyes locked and I couldn't do anything about it. "Confused?" I asked. "Maybe the loveliest thing I've ever seen."

She laughed, but there was no words—only provocation.

I said, "I met you two minutes ago and now I want to kiss you more than anything else in the world."

"Do you?" she asked.

"Yes," I said.

"Well," she smiled, and I noticed that Dolan had shut the door after him. The walls seemed to gather in around us, becoming as close, away from everything and everyone else. I lifted her against me and lost myself in the fragrance of apple blossoms perfume. It seemed to be all over her, as if it was a part of her. I kissed her and kept on kissing

her, my acceptable senses reeling. When I came up for air, I said, "It does there."

She smiled gently. "What does?"

"Kissed on your lips?"

She laughed in a puzzled fashion. "I don't get it," she said.

"I thought it would look might around the richness of your mouth," I explained.

"You know," she murmured, "you make me feel good."

I removed my hands quickly, and she laughed. "Not that sort of good," she said, and I explained them.

Time seemed to stand still for a moment. Then suddenly I began to wonder about Dolan—his going off like that and leaving us to it alone, as if he knew what was going to happen. I had the doors and the property marriage in my pocket as a token of his good faith, but he had a real low disguised sneakers of mine to keep him happy. I knew who was the better off, and my suspicions began to haunt me.

"Where's Dolan?" I asked suddenly.

She ran a cool hand up the nape of my neck. "Who cares?"

I hated to say it, but money's money. "I do," I said, then felt a bit more about it. After all, there was time when you don't talk money. And this was one of them.

"Now break your swearing," I said, then felt foolishly changing the conversation as suddenly, but she didn't seem to notice.

"You say that as if you're a lot of a connoisseur," she teased.

"I am. Plenty of girls wear nice clothes, but they spoil them. That makes, for instance, not many could get away with that."

We both looked at it, and it gave me an opportunity I had been looking for. "With your figure," I said, "any boy but would look good the

break the better in my expert opinion."

She smiled. "You know, we would be far more comfortable upstairs."

"Mind reader?" I teased, then a nice thought struck me. "You haven't a lounge room up there, have you?"

She looked at my eyes, as if she could see through me. "No," she said slowly, "only bedroom."

I said reluctantly, "Would better see Dolan first?" The thought of all that drink made me cold.

"Why, Ben?" she asked, and wound her arms around my neck.

I said parenthetically, "I reckon we'd better. He might wonder where we've got to."

"He'd guess," she said confidently.

I shoved her away from me. "What do you mean?" I said. "What do you mean—'he'd guess'?"

She shrugged. "I meant he'd just think we'd wandered off somewhere."

Like hell, I thought. Like hell he would. "I'll go find him," I said.

"No Ben, don't," she pleaded.

"Why?" I asked bluntly.

"Come upstairs," she said pathetically. "Please, Ben, come upstairs with me."

"His answer, wasn't you?" I asked suddenly. Time suddenly I realized she was scared. She was scared still.

I grabbed hold of her by the shoulders and shook her till she was nearly limp. Her dress tore all her shoulders and I had never seen anything so beautiful in all my life, then the huge unadorned perfection and the disarranged chestnut hair. Her violet eyes were opened wide with fear, her red lips parted and greedily damp.

"Don't, Ben, don't," she begged, and I suddenly realized what I was doing to her. I released her and my fingertips examined her breasts on her elastic skin. She pulled the front of her dress up and held it

against her like an embarrassed child.

Her lips had gone dry and I had against them "Dolan," I said gently.

"What's going on?" Where's Dolan?"

She said quietly, "He was going to come in and kill you, while you made love to me. For your money, of course. He was going to dump the body somewhere."

And then the perfect moment it was as that it started me. "I see," I said. "And where do you come out?"

She let me have it free between the eyes. "I'm his wife," she said. Our eyes locked, then I turned to go. "Ben," she said worriedly, "where are you going?"

I didn't look at her. "To find Dolan," I said.

She said, stammering a little, "Yes—you won't do anything rash?"

"I won't make you a widow, if that's what's worrying you," I said hastily.

She said hesitantly, "That wasn't worrying me, Ben. I don't love him now."

I couldn't look at her. Not then I went outside to look for Dolan.

The place was as desolate as a ghost town. There was nothing to show he had ever been there—except the two-marks the Ford had made in the dust and a piece of paper on one of the lawns.

I tore it down and read it. It was short and to the point. "So-long, honey—I haven't been happy for a long time and I know you will not miss me."

With my three thousand dollars in his pocket I guess it wouldn't be long before he found his happiness. As for me—well, what did I have to lose? Three thousand I had to lose—and I'd lost it.

I went back to her just as fast as I could.

# HANDY With a RAZOR

LEFTY WAS A GOOD-FOR-NOTHING

A LOUD, the death drive of the  
Thomson Fast Level a truck  
more rambling-creating low, sub-  
terranean thunder between the grey  
rock walls. The noise was at first  
far away and vague, but familiar  
enough to be unmistakable.

It increased and speeded up into  
a series of crashes, as the small, worn  
vehicle bounced over the narrow  
cave.

Nobody took any particular notice  
of it among the men who were sit-  
ting around smoking and waiting  
for the cave at the pit, but some-  
body had passed, "Lefty" bawled  
his last one out!

"You," said Charlie Bowers, who was

WIDIT, BUT HE WAS A DIFFERENT MAN WITH A RAZOR IN HIS HAND

breaking a shaft on the machine. "We  
couldn't keep up with a Quonset  
train."

They all laughed heartily, without  
real mirth but in acknowledgment  
of the shortness of a man who  
was called "Lefty"—not because he  
was left-handed, but because of a  
sway-bellied theory that both his  
hands were left ones.

They went on talking about the  
horses at the cave, but one or two  
kept half an eye toward the  
great rumble of the approaching  
truck. With only half an ear to  
use, it takes a while for any message  
from it to reach the brain, and by  
the time the bumps of the wheels

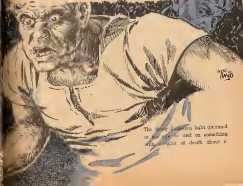
had registered in anybody's mind  
there was little time to act.

"It's got over from him. Mind  
yourselves!" somebody yelled.

The talk was chopped off. To com-  
pare with the suddenly alarming  
thunder of the truck, there was only  
the urgent scuffle of human feet  
as men springing for safety.

Lefty's truck burst onto the pit,  
out of the mouth of the drive. It shot  
to the end of the rails, where at  
normal speed the number would  
have slid it as it stopped, and made  
it easy to tip its line, at one dash  
through the grating and into the bin.

But it was going too fast for men  
behaviour, half in the air before it



The heavy fluorescent light glared  
in the cave, and on something  
the light of death about it

Peking all jammed. . . . Peter's instincts always have one purpose—in other words . . . and we have witnesses to back us. To the Victorian expert man, his conviction—that manner, word, hooped skirt—was just as potent a devil-warder as a 10-day's box yesterday's Bibles. The Duchess of Manchester was paid much an expert. One day in 1828, she pompously brought her hoop on crashing a stile. She went head over heels—landing on her feet but with ears and petticoats over her head. Undoubtedly she was a delving pair of secret Berlin hushenbockers, which, within our histories, "Wine brewed in the world in general and the Dux de Malakoff in particular."

hit the buffer, and the weak line everywhere. The dust overwhelmed the light of the one electric bulb.

When the dust settled there was nobody dead, or even hurt. But a boulder weighing a couple of hundredweight had hit the back-end of which Carley was balanced. The truck had sagged only to one side and, once it was only a small tilting affair, a small old stream of its water had hit Carley somewhere about the chest, and saturated his lower half. Carley's hair was almost straight with rain.

Lefty came clattering out of the drive, many lengths behind his truck—panting, frightened and confused. He was a man of uncertain age, no young, not old, toothy slanted and half-bleared. He dug the heels of his big boots into the dusty slope, and slipped his strap like a switch-knife trying to take off in a hurry. "Thank God!" he said. "Nobody hurt. Thank God for that!"

Carley, his face dark, rumped down off the back-end and pulled a wretched thrust of his own dripping shirt and trousers. "What do you call that, you fool?" he howled. "No thanks to you it ain't no blood."

"Craps, Carl!" Lefty stomped. "I'd name it forger name!"

"Well, you don't have to, you—you wait," Levey roared. "But by heaven you will get out of these daps, if you don't get it into your dumb skull that you always push the truck as an up-think in the face, when there's empty. Coming back with them fell, you've got to hang on like your death or they'll run away from you."

"I know," said Lefty, heavily. "I was hanging back, but I stumbled over somebody's ar' she went!"

Carley stepped forward and snuck his hat, offered it into Lefty's stomach. When Lefty doubled up, he let him have another in the face, and the bulb, uncertain was left back with a scratched, bleeding nose, and a look of even grayer stupor.

Lefty turned himself away from the truck, instead of sitting on his back and talking as he usually did. The dusty, flickering oil light glimmered on his eye—his on something else. In the first split second, nobody consciously reached what the other thing was, but there was a blue play of death about it, and even Carley jumped back.

"He's got a name?" Peter squealed. "Get behind him, someone!"

Peter himself, his duty done in an advisory capacity, was twelve yards along the drive before he had finished pulling, but he might as well have stayed where he was. The others ranged in the dusty light, none less accurately than Lefty, the pace with the center. The situation didn't fit the place or the people.

"Keep back!" Lefty shouted, because he knew that now they were all somehow against him.

"Come forward, man," Carley snarled. "Come one step, or I'll follow you and cut your throat with your own nose."

They were posed like doubtful, half-died dogs in their den, underground world when one of the crows that had been watching past dumps suddenly hung heavily on the Thousand Foot Level. Its plumage, congested with his job and his end of the machinery that harked men and ore, and cut with the people, saving the safety-bar out of the way and coiled. "Come on! What's holdin' you back up?"

They blinked, brought back to a thousand feet below the earth, and suddenly there was no more. They flung into the air, looking and feeling asleep, with Lefty's in dropping again in painful anxiety to save the respect and mastery of the men with whom he worked.

The machinery took them soaring to the surface, where the stars and the lights of the level across the flat were as bright as usual. They became unusually many considered at the bar, because with thrust back to normal, none of them could quite believe in the stark, impossible place where their minds held of a near glimmering briefly on the Thousand Foot Level.

Everybody bought drinks for Lefty except Carley. "He'd have done me in, if he'd had the pole," Carley said.

"Craps, Carl!" Lefty said. "I never meant nothing, but I thought a night, stop you from looking me any more."

The afternoon shift train, redoubled and bounding on its rails like Lefty's truck, took them to their various streets. By the time Billy and Lefty got off at the same corner, young Billy was curious.

The storm was high and bright, the houses silent and dead. The young fellow thought he spotted some sort of experience he'd never had. "You held that mine a hangover, Lefty," he said. "It looked as if you wasn't going to share with it."

"I wasn't," Lefty said, in a flat, toneless voice. "I was going to cut him open."

"Craps!" he had exclaimed. "I always thought you'd handle a mine like a knife in a fight, but you had it different."

Lefty produced the mine again, on the pale night. "No," he told Billy. "You open the blade wide, like this. Then you hold it right back—with its broad, blunt side to the handle, this way. You grip it in your fist, and you punch with it. It takes-hangs out of 'em, and it don't cut you, too!"

"Dead!" Billy gasped, dazed. "Nobody fights like that around here!"

"No, son," Lefty said, softly. "They think they're tough around here, but they just bash each other, like Carley's been bashing me. They should be in Malheur in the old days—in the twenties. In those days a good blade put you ahead of the knife who didn't have one."

"Gee!" sneered young Billy. "Gee!" sneered without belief in either Father Christmas or Square Taylor. "You ain't old enough to have been in a mine gang, unless they had office boys."

"If I was only an office boy I had no lesson, anyway," Lefty said, maddly. But the door was in his hand, held not in the way of a man about to shove but cripped between the knuckles of a clenched fist, suggestive of goaded fumes and of the gasping, snidish death that would follow a punch in the throat. "These blabers here only think they're tough," Lefty added.

Billingsly was really saved. "I'll certainly tell Cui to lay off of you," he said.

"Don't tell nobody nothing," Lefty hamed. "If you do you'll get it. I didn't leave th' big snake to get copped in a place like this."

Billingsly was certainly understanding new experience, but he liked them less than any previous ones. Lefty's dark hair, in the moonlight that shined on the loose steel, was the difference from his bushing, plucking,

indifference down the same. Had he a different man in the steelier back streets of a big city, and even here he was one who was best left alone.

The young fellow was scared, and might have kept his peace forever, except that six days later Lefty was in the local lineup, and his Carley was in the morgue.

Carley had been brought up from the Wisconsin Poor house half an ear, with an eyeball shelled, two of his toes amputated and burned, and his leg crumpled about not deeply, violently, and finally.

There was no doubt about who had done it, and why. "I run over his toes with a truckful of ore, and he went for me again," Lefty told Sergeant Cooper, simply. "I couldn't lose no more of it."

"But man, what did you kill him with?" asked the distressed sergeant,

who had known and liked Carley.

Lefty produced the razor, and held it loosely in the way he had shown Billingsly. The sergeant jumped back automatically, and then came forward again, his body crawling with fear. But Lefty hauled over his ancestral weapon without any trouble.

Later, after Billingsly had blarneyed his story in the dusty little police-station change-room, Cooper thought he began to see the light. He went along to Lefty's cell and adopted the sympathetic manner that had helped him many times, and the words of justice almost as often.

"Now listen, mate," the sergeant said. "We've caught up with some of your backwash — from the first before you came to the paddocks, and long before Carley was hauled off for being awkward on the job."

"The others never looked out, but

I done nothing right there," Lefty told him. "Ten years I worked with corn and for the state. On the Bow river, on the Dublin track, down the line at Phoenix, they was all the same. I drove a baker's cart for Wilson for nearly a year, a few years back, but he axed me, too, for too many accidents and mistakes with deliveries. The only time I didn't make no mistake was with Carley. I wasn't awkward with the razor."

"Why not?" Cooper asked. "Where did you learn to use a razor that way?"

"I seen an article once, about these razor gangsters," said Lefty, with the queer calm look that seemed to have possessed him since his arrest. "It stuck in me mind, somehow."

"Don't give me that!" the sergeant said, dropping his mattress and suddenly marching. "Billingsly's right in his guts. We know you was a razor



# TEMPERANCE PERILS

The here and male live thirty years and nothing know of wine and beer, the girl and sheep on twenty day and never taste of Scotch or Rye, but awful, awful, rum-soaked men arriving for three-score years and ten.

— ANON

daughter in Melbourne in the old days, and I want the details."

Lefty grinned, sadly. "Aw, I told him that I never knew," he said. "I was never one of the rum boys. I was never even in Melbourne, but for a week during the war, and if you look far enough you'll find that out. I was in the wheat-belt before I came here."

"Wheat? a ha!" The sergeant said, but he was already doubtful.

"I ain't, worse luck," Lefty told him in a flat voice. "I thought him in Melbourne with the rum boys in the twenties, but I wasn't."

"Wheat? prison, schools, but wasn't?" Cooper barked.

"I wasn't drunk with the police," Lefty said again. "I wish you could of been there to see, sarge, but there was only Curley there. If that big fella was still talking," he made talk you he was a fool not to take care after the first time I flaked a mouse on him. That time it was only a flake I had it on me, because I'd

forgot to drop it in at the barber's, but afterwards I scared it. Then that time, I got a surprise how it fitted into my fat the way I'd read and I seen them all jump back, and I thought, 'Now we're equal, sarge, this thing brings you blazes down to my size.'"

"Yes, but what about today?" in interrupted Cooper insistently.

"That second time there was only Curly. It brought him down to a lot smaller than me. I hit him and I cut him where I wanted to. Then an' all the rest could tell you I was dizzy with the truck, an' awkward with a bar or shovel, an' bloody near as good at all the things that come easy to them, but Curley's the one that could tell you I wasn't clumsy with the mouse. I wish I'd at know years back, but I was never in Melbourne but once for a week during the war, let alone being a member of a rum gang."

The sergeant looked at Lefty, and thought of Curley's look, and sighed, and went away. Back in the day-curious charge room, he started to write a report that eventually heightened the eye of the official elements.

The report made Lefty's trial unexpectedly short and dull for the public, but it saved Lefty from the millstone, and even from much jail. It was hard to spend the long years ahead in the chamber, but useful now in the story system—and the most heartily sensible, although his long wild beard made him look terrifying.

But he could never shave or be shaven, because the very sight of a razor changed his shuffling, apologetic character altogether, and made it amazingly plain why such a mild, pleasantly mediocre man was where he was.



"I haven't spoken to my wife for months. I'm afraid to interrupt her."



# "Escape"

— DAY-DREAMED BY  
GIBSON



At first the evening can be tough  
but stick with it... evening  
routines can be relaxed by just  
unwinding.



Naturally the routine can be even  
completely uprooted by the knowing  
member of the household as well  
as well!

It is almost as if the office...

...glances



If at the end of the day you  
are too "tired" off even  
to try... there are other  
ways of spending a quiet  
evening at home.

# STRANGER and Stranger



## NO ICEBERGS . . .

We enter the Greenland and the Barents, variety. Annually 10,000 to 15,000 icebergs are dislodged by the constantly advancing glaciers and deep-sea fringes of Greenland's west coast. They break away and set off on an 1850-mile drift southward, where they disappear in the warm waters of the Gulf Stream. In an average year, about 400 reach and become a danger to the Atlantic shipping lanes. Last year, for some unknown reason, not one was sighted. No one has explained where—or why—they went **SAFER DIVING** . . .

No more need salvage divers risk their lives in search of lost wrecks. The U.S. Navy's Bureau of Ships has perfected an underwater television camera. Before the diver descends, he sees on an screen what he is likely to find "down under." Every snag may be snipped out, any dangers may be seen and the object sought may be located before the diver dives his helmet.

## DOUGHNUT HOLES . . .

In an age of higher prices—and smaller products—strangers here we've heard for some time was a recent decision by the doughnut manufacturers of the United States to give their customers more for their money. To do it, they reduced the size of the hole from seven-eighths to three-eighths of an inch. Not only do you get more doughnut, but it will, they say, "handle better."

## NOISY CORNER . . .

Barnol, a small town in Bengal, is renowned for queer reasons—as of the continuous firing of heavy cannon. Scientists believe they are atmospheric discharges. They cannot explain, however, why people insist they come from different directions. In other places around the world, inexplicable sounds are sometimes heard—but Barnol has both the volume and frequency record.

## DYING HOUSE . . .

When a well-to-do Chinese feels he is going to die, his first thought is for the convenience of his family. He arranges to have his aging corpse removed to a Dying House. There, for 14 a day, he can lie in a comfortable bed and philosophize as he awaits the end. The permanent residents ministrations by three Buddhist priests, burning of joss sticks and supply of toothsome delicious meat, fruit and alcohol for the propitiation of the gods. Efforts made of paper are propped around the bedside to represent growing relatives. When death finally comes, the body is dressed in paper clothes and buried with due ceremony by the religious. All of this, it may be added, is only for the wealthy. The Chinese peasants, upon death, are collected and cremated free by the authorities.



"As I see it, Compton plays it—so."



## THE OLD

The variety of waves of the famous Falena Brush Men has been corresponded to the point of superabundance. However, if he will permit us, we have offer a few species of briefly backbones which we guarantee not even a Falena Brush Men ever imagined. Consider this New Look in the Bathroom, with which a port puppet seems to have solved an age-old problem.



## BRUSH OFF

The break boys of brushdom are distinctly like of them, as witness this photograph. There's no need to cry 'Pump Fluffy'—this isn't a wife's bill for a career of love, the producers have labeled it 'The Brush Revolver!' Seeing as it fits in all the right places where it's supposed to fit, who else was to expect what these engineers?



But there's every a male who refuses to admit that women are really responsible for making the world go round (even with breakfast) - we don't know what Grundge is actually doing here, whether he's from boxing has hit from his hand to his body or merely attempted to work himself . . . but we are given testimony to think that he might as well save himself the time. Then, for the benefit of some little little hobbit like this, there is a woman with a phallus for easy lifting of the rag under which she is going to sweep that cigarette debris. To meet her we'd stand in for any breath man.

## printers to BETTER HEALTH



### ARTHRITIS HOPES . . .

In this hot-new source at last on the roof! In England, Dr. Irene Hume has been experimenting for six years by injecting vitamin with the blood of pregnant women. He believes that an unknown substance manufactured in the women's bodies can relieve much of the pain of rheumatoid arthritis. The British Medical Journal reports a 54 per cent cure or "dramatic improvement" in a number of test cases.

### YOUR TEETH . . .

Tooth decay is a problem for everybody. Cut out just one carbohydrate you may not preferably a sugar "tooth destroyer" like chocolate, ice or ice cream—and you will materially lessen the chances of cavities developing in your teeth. To cut them down still further, see that you remove other carbohydrate particles from your mouth by tooth brushing immediately after each meal. The damage is done within the first half-hour after eating.

### EXCESSIVE SWEATING . . .

Recently a new drug was developed by U.S. scientists to treat stomach ulcers. Several doctors used it, however, discovered by chance that it checked body sweating. Previously people complaining in the point of discomfort from the hands, feet, underarms and other parts of the body had to undergo a delicate nerve-surgery

operation—the success of which was often doubtful. Taken as capsule form, the drug is harmless and patients may regulate the dosage according to their physical activities.

### FOOD GERMS . . .

With the coming of warmer weather, food poisoning is a possibility in any home. The golden standard is use generally of the staphylococcus family, as in the case of boils. They thrive best at room temperature, so the natural precaution (after scrupulous cleanliness, of course) is to keep your food either very hot or very cold until eaten. The germs seem to live on such foods as cream-filled cakes and pastries, meat, poultry, fish and eggs. They are generally put there by people who handle them with soiled, cut or bare hands suffering from colds or diarrhoea.

### MENTAL ILLS . . .

Sufferers from stuttering, aphasia, autism, anxiety, depression, homosexuality, irritability, impotence and alcoholism are generally cases of psychosomatics. They can take heart from experiments conducted by Dr. E. J. Meehan of the University of Illinois over the past few years. In more than 500 cases, he has achieved marked improvements with the use of the "body reactor" and endocrine. Thus the future approach to neuroses is likely to be physiological rather than psychological.

# HELL WAS IN THEIR EYES

LESTER KAY



They were only an army of mistreated frightened boys; but with their inspired general they made a nation.

THE Germans attacked New York at three o'clock in the morning of August the 23th.

That is not a history of the future, it is history. They were under British command, while the defenders comprised an army of freedom that had come from Boston.

It was 1790, and the colonies had revolted. A few thousand had been fought; the rebel army had surrounded Boston, and the British had sailed out.

The British knew that New York was more important. It was built on islands in the Hudson, and was easily

to hold—because the British had a navy.

Then, as now, New York was a city apart from the rest of America. It was not affected by the road barrens for freedom that had gripped the colonies. New York didn't want to be defended against the British tyrants.

Even so the rebel army marched to New York. It hadn't learned to march, and it didn't want to leave. In fact, it didn't know what it wanted, but it occupied New York before the British fleet arrived, and New York didn't want it.

Then its commander-in-chief had

to decide what to do, and he admitted that he didn't have a strategy. The Continental Congress, which had appeared here told him to hold New York—and he supposed he would—but he had to ask a subordinate named Lee how to go about it. Washington was a planner, not a soldier.

He accepted Col. Lee's advice. His army was on Manhattan, and he sent most of it over the river to Brooklyn to defend the heights.

Twenty thousand had come down from Boston, but as more than two thousand remained by the time the British fleet arrived with its corps of German mercenaries. The rest had simply gone home. More were going home every day.

Washington stayed on Manhattan, and left the disposal of the forces on Brooklyn Heights to officers on the spot. Most of the troops were only 15 to 16 years old. In these circumstances, it is surprising that any defense was organized at all.

There were three obvious strategic points, of which Jamaica Pass was the most important. In the darkness the Germans crept up on Jamaica Pass, and found it defended by exactly five men.

Something over ten thousand Germans landed on Brooklyn during that night. Some went through Jamaica Pass and by daylight they were set for a frontal attack, with heavier forces already in the rear of the freedom army.

The boys on the heights were green-skinned. Germans working knee-deep through a down mist, and they were frightened. They didn't want to fight; they didn't know how to resist. They stood up to fire muskets into the line of advancing mercenaries, and a hail of lead hit them from the rear.

They were more kids—with no

training and no leadership. They panicked accusations of betrayal. Some threw themselves against the green line, some charged hysterically at the Germans on their rear. All were driven back.

Willy they fired their muskets. Then they tried to use the clumsy weapons as clubs. But the Germans had razor-sharp bayonets. Most of the trapped boys lay down on the ground and cried for their mothers.

The killing went on for hours. War had started as a job of work for the Germans because a popular holiday.

They stopped killing only when they were tired out—and because there was no luxury. The army of freedom was trapped, its back was to the water.

George Washington crossed to Brooklyn in a rowing boat when the numbers were at its height. From a hill, he watched his army being destroyed.

By morning the Germans were exhausted. They had killed over two thousand, as they passed to rail and the quivering remnants of Washington's army crept over the hills and huddled in the little spaces left in them between the heights and the river.

Makeshift encampments were dug. The best of kids could retreat no further, so they lay behind earthworks and waited for death. All the while Washington, with measured tread, walked up and down their lines, a guest of a man, saying nothing, giving hardly any orders.

There was no attachment between these whipped boys, and the commander-in-chief who had sent them into a death-trap. To him they were simply Troopers, contemptible creatures little above the negro slaves of his Virginia plantation.

Sam commenced. It poured down. The rain continued his measured beating, ignoring the men.

It is almost certain that, at those hours, Washington had no more idea what to do than did the new boys who were sweating and crying that he saw only the disaster that they saw, that his ill-fated pomp was his way of enduring his own hopelessness.

And yet, it was precisely what these kids needed. It gave the impression of something solid and unmovable, of something collected and unshakable in their sitting terror, his disfigurement of calm was a thing to which they could cling.

The day wore into night, the men measured, and the general continued to pace. His figure became a magnet. They watched it, watched his suggestive face and began to feel an awkward confidence that Washington himself did not feel.

No attack came that night. The army of freedom was broken, beaten and dropped, no way to go out in the pouring rain to finish it off.

Washington retired to his tent and wrote dispatches, as if it were routine. When, in the morning, he suggested the best, he saw tears of shame in the eyes of boys who were staring him yesterday. He saw respect and worship in the clumsy salutes of 18-year-old officers.

The rain became heavier, and, during that day, the officer he had left with a small force to hold Manhattan Island, brought it to Brooklyn as reinforcements. When asked that Washington's entire army was now in the trap.

There were the expert footmen who had taught them how, however Washington wondered if it was possible to withdraw the entire army. His officers said that was impossible, even in darkness. The boys were in

such panic that they would slow each other to pieces and wreck all the best in their blind frenzy to get away. Washington agreed with them.

Then, without their knowledge, he ordered the fishermen to manacle every possible boat, to be ready soon after dark.

He said nothing of retreat; but he curtly ordered that the front troops should relieve the most battered units. Then, as a unit was withdrawn and sent to the rear, another was moved into its position. That went on all night in the rain, shifting weary boys from one part of the hillside to another.

Only when the operation was complete, and the reinforcements — not knowing that they now stood alone — were marched down to the waiting boats, was Washington's deception of his own army revealed. But he sent every man across, out of the trap.

Of course, more than half of these deserted at once, and that didn't leave much. What it did leave, however, was a hard core of volunteers who had come out of hell. They would now stand by Washington, march with him, suffer for him to the end.

Years of retreat and defeat followed. In those years Washington changed, and the boys became men, and their devotion to their commander grew and deepened.

Washington grew so stout as a consequence. His uniform went to rags, his great cloak became threadbare; but he never wavered and never so much as whinged of going on.

The men marched through snow in bare feet, running snow, always running away. But they stayed with their ragged general; they absorbed his stone-like calm and endurance; they waited for the time when they

would strike back and destroy the hated Germans, and they never once doubted that time would come.

It came on a Christmas Eve at Christmas — on a snow storm, and after desperate running defeat, after they had just returned to invisible cover in freezing Delaware to safety.

It was madness to turn back, to re-cross the river, to attack the invincible Germans. Everybody knew it was madness, but, nevertheless, the army of freedom did it.

The Germans were so stupidly cautious that they had set very few sentinels. It was Christmas Eve, and all were drunk when the wide-eyed amazement fell on them in a midnight jump. The slaughter of innocents on Brooklyn Heights was nothing compared with the previous killing that went on in Trenton that night. The army of mercenaries was all but wiped out.

And that was not the end. It was a beginning, a strange beginning to something that hasn't ended yet.

# CROSSED Wires

By GILLES WILLIAMS





# THE WHITE-EYED KILLER

Was it curiosity or just sheer hatred  
withstand that made him kill  
and torture for sadistic pleasure?

YOUNG Jesse Penney had a  
hobby

It is a good thing for 12-year-old boys to have a hobby—usually. Keeps them out of mischief. Jesse's didn't. His hobby was murdering children!

His appearance may have had a great deal to do with that, for children are often thoughtlessly cruel. And Jesse was ugly—particularly ugly.

He was lanky, sullen and sensitive, with long nose and big hands. His teeth were gleamed rudimentary, his legs were cold, white and bumpy. If he had a film of white skin over it—a cat-suit—and his tongue lay twisted into a perpetual sneer.

Jesse Penney started on his murdering way in his home town of Boston in 1931. Children of both sexes, usually returning from school, were lured into a secluded place, tied up and brutally killed. Many small

corpses were found in the manhole which was close to South Boston at that time. Some were under rubbish heaps, some were packed in doorways and partly all were hastily completed.

Within a few weeks Jesse had piled up the horrifying total of 23 children gleefully murdered! And there was no sign as to the killer.

During the weeks of terror, a boy of 12 named Albert Pratt, whose father was wealthy, was snatched to school by an armed guard. This was a challenge to Jesse. He sent Mr. Pratt an anonymous letter telling him the "game" had marked Albert down for the next victim.

Then came a bill, but Mr. Pratt still kept on his secret, who took Albert to school and waited for him afterwards. One morning Jesse sent his younger brother Henry into the headmaster of Ruxton School, which

Albert attended, to tell him that Albert's father wanted the boy outside. The teacher, William Barton, let the boy go. He was not seen again for two days, when his mutilated body was found in the manhole!

Headmaster Barton did some thinking. Henry Penney said that he had been asked by "a tall, dark man in a blue suit" to deliver the message to the schoolteacher. But Barton thought he was lying. He remembered that Henry's brother, Jesse, had an reputation as a cruel bully. He decided to keep an eye on Jesse.

Then Jesse made his first slip, with the score at 24. A boy named William Barton was playing near the manhole one afternoon. He was spoken to by a "big, ugly boy," who grabbed him and tried to tie him to a telegraph pole. However, young Barton was a slippery customer and he fought for his life so well that he got away. He fled to his home and told his parents. They informed the police.

The next day, Chief Inspector Eberney took Barton round the secret corner of the schools to see if he could pick out his assailant. When William got one look at Jesse Penney he screamed with fear. They gathered Jesse in!

While awaiting trial Jesse studied legal books and prepared a defense that he was innocent, irresponsible and the victim of uncontrollable impulses. At his trial he confessed to all the murders and others which may have been imaginary. He discussed mental abnormality, argued with the judge and threatened the prosecuting counsel, judge, jury and opposing witnesses.

When the jury took into consideration the lack of motive, his behavior in court and the vicious severity of the crimes they decided he was "Guilty, but insane." Corridors outside were waiting for his blood. He

was whisked off to a lunatic asylum. But that wasn't the end of Jesse. In little more than a year the phony was turned loose on Boston again, pronounced cured!

His father, who had been almost ruined by Jesse's escapades, had no wish to have the boy back in his home. But his mother pleaded for him, and his father yielded.

Jesse was getting on a new act now. No power was the trial over then he had dropped the "mad act" and become a very good boy. So good that psychiatrists and asylum authorities, as well as Governor Graves and the judge who had tried Jesse—Judge Stephens—were sure that Jesse would kill no more.

His parents must have had some fears for him, for he never went outside his home or butcher's shop for several weeks. He was quiet and mild-mannered, even obedient.

Months passed and, to give Jesse something to occupy his mind, he was allowed to serve in the shop. He continued to behave himself, but his vicious little mind was waiting.

He was nearly 13 when his hobby got into his stride again. One child after another disappeared, but their bodies were not found, so Jesse Penney could not be blamed, no matter how suspicious everyone might be of him.

But in spite of all the watching, no yet managed to find time and secret opportunity to add steadily to his list. At least a dozen children were murdered by him in this second phase of his activities, bringing his score to 35.

There was a refuse heap in the yard of his father's shop where offal from the shop was often thrown. The hot weather made it high in an obnoxious mass. Neighbors complained and Jesse's father was told to have the stinking heap removed.

When Jesse heard about the order, he remarked calmly to his dining mother, "I shouldn't be surprised. Mother, if they were to find something under that damn they don't expect."

Jesse was right. He had made knowledge. They found the mutilated corpse of 12 children! And as they slowly descended the painful excitement night, the ghostly wailing stood in the yard whistling.

He was grabbed and rushed off to jail before the mob would not him. The mob showed all night around the jail for his blood. Then they dragged outside the Governor's house and Judge Stephens's residence. Governor Graves fled the city on the first opportunity and resigned his post under compulsion. Judge Stephens was transferred.

A year later Bess became Governor, and her father was that Jesse Pomeroy would never be free again. It was a popular platform.

Jesse pleaded in confessing his crime and went back to his "road" act. It had worked very well for that time, why not now? The huge lynching party which attended his trial was disconcerted by 12 women standing round the dock, armed police and a regiment of militia round the court.

The judge turned up so boldly against the accused that the jury took very little time to bring in a verdict of "Guilty of murder in the first degree." Jesse was sentenced to be hanged.

He appeared seven and again, from one court after another right up to the Governor. Bess had already given out his policy. He requested, "Tomorrow want hang?" A national mob was set up, however, and it changed the sentence to solitary confinement for life.

So, at the age of 17, Jesse was

locked in a special cell. But he was not the model prisoner he had been in the inmate asylum. He was a holy terror.

He decided to blow up the jail, including himself, if necessary. He started on three years' prison work to achieve his object.

The prison was lit by a highly explosive gas. The pipes ran through the concrete blocks which held Jesse in chains. He planned that he wanted to work as an ironworker, and several small tools were given him. He attacked the mortar, breasted it with his hand and ate it. He managed to get one block of mortar loose, but was heard, his work discovered and the tools taken away.

But he had reached the iron pipe. He had one match. By a trick he managed to put his back out of order one night. He lifted out the loose stone, punctured the gas pipe, laid down and, just before his senses left him, struck his match.

As a newspaper put it: "There was a great detonation which shook the walls. Giant torpedoes of flame burst and soared. Several convicts looked on and helpless, were burnt to death."

Jesse's solitary life was hardly worth living, but he lived, with his nerves more and more. He was blown through the door of his cell and terribly injured, but he recovered.

The prison burnt down. A new one was built across the river, with a cell even to order for Jesse Pomeroy. Years passed. People forgot him. It was thought he was dead.

But in 1909, after more 40 years spent in solitary, he was moved from Charleston Prison to Bridgewater State Farm, a smaller and old man of 65.

His parents were dead, now he is dead. But his unusual victims died horribly a long time before



"An old flame of yours dropped in at the bank today. The police caught him, though."



PREPARED BY W. WATSON SHARP, A.B.A.A.



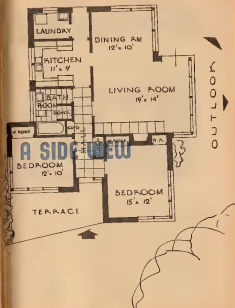
## TAKING ADVANTAGE OF

Planning dictates generally rule that a house be divided into two sections: one portion devoted to the daytime activities and the other to the bedroom. Variations of this arrangement are sometimes caused by aspects and other requirements.

Carver's current suggestion is for a building site on which the view is to the side. For the reason the preplanned rooms — living room, dining room and main bedroom are arranged to take advantage of this outlook. The living and dining rooms have full length windows overlooking the view and the bedroom also has large windows on the side. Double doors from the living room open out on to a grassed lawn, but this could be a stone paved terrace or a deck, according to the ground con-

The kitchen, laundry and bathroom are grouped, all three being in positions which are convenient to the rooms they serve.

The maximum frontage required to accommodate this house is 50 feet and the overall area 1,235 square feet.



# The Sword of Manurau

New Zealand's famous Van Tangaipia was a fearless adventurer and fighter who lived for battle and excitement



ON the afternoon of September 1, 1838, in the forest of Te Ngutu o te Manu, Taranaki, New Zealand, a man asked for death. It was not the first time of asking. During more than half of his 42 years death had been a close companion.

As always, he had no fear. He was quite calm as he swung his great curved sword against a tree and had waited for death to come.

Te Ngutu was an unhappy place to be, this tragic afternoon. New Zealand's bloodiest war—between the Queen's forces and the Taranaki Maori—had broken as this Maori—had reached its peak here in Taranaki.

Now the rebels had gone. The

skilled colonial bush fighters had taken back—under protest—at the order of the man who was their leader, and he stood alone. The tangled forest before him was full of the creeping brown shapes of the enemy.

The man was neither big nor large, but even at that time he seemed to dominate the scene. His features, pointed beard now streaked with gray, bristled with all its old ferocity. His hair was combed the forest as he watched every at the war.

He was an angry man that day, was Maori van Tangaipia. He had just had another disappointment with a regular officer, a disappointment which

was fated to be his last. This lonely stand was his signature of protest. To understand the meaning of his act, we must first take a look at the background of this Gustavus Ferdinand von Tangaipia—Prussian officer and son of a Prussian officer, general's fighter, explorer, vegetable, farmer and gold digger.

Gustavus von Tangaipia was born in 1823, in Prussia. He went into an army training school, and graduated, with a commission.

But here the ordered Prussian course of his life was sharply diverted by his fiery soul. Three years of barracks room and parade ground were enough. In 1837 he resigned his commission and went abroad.

Almost immediately he found the adventure he craved—in the affairs between the two Americas. A strange three-cornered battle was going on there between Spaniards, British and an odd assortment of Indians.

Into this mixer war came van Tangaipia—with a British commission. Now he got it is not clear, but he was soon organizing and directing a force of Maori Indians in an attack on Manurau.

The campaign ended in the usual uneasy peace, with concessions and innumerable disappointments. Van Tangaipia asked the people around Manurau to go again, and knew it was time to go. He discarded his sword for a while—the curved sword which he carried as a personal trademark and a memento of his Prussian appointment—and took ship from the Pacific side of the Isthmus northwest to the new territory of California.

Remember the date? It was 1839, and the big gold strikes were on.

But the lure of gold paled before the lure of adventure. Van Tangaipia stayed in California more than three years—but as a vigilante, an officer of the law.

Then he had some unfinished business to transact in Manurau, far to the south. He could have boarded another ship for there, but the wild country between appealed to the awakening explorer in him. With a doctor friend he headed south—on foot.

Eighteen months and three thousand miles of jungle later they were through to Manurau, where van Tangaipia completed his unfinished business. The Maori resident there was one James Macmillan Bell. He had a very attractive daughter. She and van Tangaipia were married in 1833, and in the fall of that a daughter arrived to bless the hearth of the homing von Tangaipia.

It could have been the end of the trail—but van Tangaipia was already looking for a field. Before very long the new family was off by ship for more open spaces—Australia.

They left the ship at Melbourne, found a farm not too remote from civilization, and settled down again. But van Tangaipia could not keep his eyes from the sword hanging in its battered sheath above the fireplace. His wife shook her head and roused herself to another early move.

It came in 1838, when van Tangaipia sold the farm and sailed for New Zealand. First the Commodore goldfields claimed him—but he never did have much success with a miner's pick. The second suddenly pulled to assume the shape of pick as playgrounds—which was just as well for the future of New Zealand.

We flared up with the Maori—a desperate, bitter war of war against a cunning and terrible foe. The British soldiers, splendid in battle against troops of their kind, were bewildered and then doubtful of an enemy who refused to fight in the open and square, and who chose instead ambush and night raid.

When some widgee foot tells you to "keep your hair on," you know what he means. But how did the moraine come? Actually, the phrase seems to stem back to the Goats in British. It was the adverb which non-sense, offered to perversity who were showing signs of grilling themselves around, in plain English, it meant "Watch out or you'll go to prison" . . . the idea being that when a man was given "tells," his hair went crooked.

The Morne took the white men's weapons and adopted methods to suit them—methods which were perhaps 50 years ahead of their time. They struck swiftly, and had before the previous military methods could move after them.

Von Troupy was only one of many men who could use the moraine. A subtle fighting device was needed—a lightly-armed unit which could live as the Morne lived, and which could go after them into their own territory, the untracked trees and scrub of the bushland.

His previous experience in jungle fighting gave him his chance. In August, 1903, he was commissioned lieutenant and given a free hand in forming what was to become famous throughout the Empire as the Forest Rangers.

He picked tough colonial types—farmers, sailors, mine-men as hardy as himself. A tricky and strenuous course of bush fighting transformed them up.

Then the Rangers left the schools on their stags and bushes and went

in after the enemy. They moved as the Morne moved, understanding the ambushes, skulking swiftly on flanks and in the villages, to the rear. Their efficiency was demonstrated by the exploit which brought von Troupy his capture.

At Penang, when the Morne was in a seemingly impenetrable position, he and Thomas McDowell worked their way through a flux swamp right into the heart of the enemy defenses. They lay there for two whole days and nights, carefully noting the Morne strength and weakness.

When the attack came in, it was based on von Troupy's information and covered by von Troupy's sharp-shooting Rangers. The Morne fell back in confusion.

The war went on, with the Rangers always out in front. The Morne grew to dread their cleverness, cunningness and courage. They christened the Rangers, and particularly the man who led them, "Morone," meaning 'the enemy leader'.

In another day months he was his majority, slain as the field of battle. The time it was for his part in the bloody siege and deal with change which earned the great Morne fortress of Ombaka. But at his home (today gone), as Major von Troupy began to climb ever more valiantly with his expensive regular army efforts.

A serious blow-up occurred in September, 1903. After the capture of Verence Pa, which confirmed von Troupy as a national hero, the pag of the Rangers was unanimously reduced from 42 to 15 a day. The men refused to proceed to Ombaka, where von Troupy had gone independently. He returned to the capital city to argue the matter with the Minister of Defense, Sir Henry Atherton.

Von Troupy's hot temper did not improve matters, and his men made

their move when they staged a full-scale strike in Wellington.

The prime Minister ordered von Troupy to take his men to Whangape (on a new battle front) and hand them over to Lieutenant-Colonel Fraser.

He did his best, but only succeeded in showing the worth of the Minister upon himself when the men mutinied. Von Troupy landed in his retirement.

Like a regiment Hon von Troupy visited the Minister and to give him satisfaction on the field of honor. When this was refused he went off home to Coromandel. There he demonstrated another of his eccentricities by writing a book of his experiences in the Waiwaka and Taranaki wars, and illustrating it with his own pen and brush drawings.

Rangers' morale passed for von Troupy in this kind of release of activity. He had sworn he would not serve the Government in any capacity, and, however much he regretted it, he was determined to keep that vow.

But the New Zealand people helped him overcome the difficulty. The seceding Government fell, and the new one immediately appealed to him to withdraw his resignation. He returned to the force, and in 1905 was appointed Inspector of Armed Constabulary.

In reality it was the old job back again. Morone and his Rangers took to the forests again with revolver and bowie knife and the great curved sword. This time the foe was the murderous Hon Hon.

Again they hung on the flanks of the enemy, struck the villages as his own, carried out murder of women—murder. The base of Morone was on the Taranaki sky, and the Morne went back before it.

But still the feud went on between

the brilliant improviser and the regular officers. At Te Ngutu a to Mana, where the Hon Hon were strongly entrenched, von Troupy conceived the position and executed attack. The officer commanding, Lieutenant-Colonel McDowell, ignored this advice and ordered a retreat.

Von Troupy argued, then accepted the inevitable. He watched the redcoats go, gave the order to return to his own men, then stood waiting for the enemy, whistling with his sword at a safe pace.

The numbers von Troupy had predicted came—and he was the first to fall. Dandy warriors surrounded behind him, in this pain and even in the forests passed in a wonderful film on the retreating troops.

Von Troupy fell with a bullet through his head. By then exposing himself he had driven much of the foe upon his own body. This was his final protest and perhaps his greatest heroism.

The end? A great cry went up from the Morne. "Morone has fallen! The sword is still!" A woman dashed forward and knelt at the dead face in reverence for a slain husband. That night the bodies of the dead were stacked on a funeral pyre—with that of von Troupy in the place of honor.

But the legend of Morone has never died. Fifteen years later Kaitike Hart, the American newspaper visited a hut in the Morne settlement of Pukekohe. An old Morne man in greenish, and said "You have set your feet on glory. Research that step has the sword of Morone."

The sword, a sword robe, is still in Morne hands hidden somewhere near the old Taranaki bushlands, and Morne and perhaps still remembers the inseparable warrior who wielded it.



• Hear about the napper who soaked her streptococcus gown in coffee so that it would stay up all night • *Rocky Balboa*: A man is incomplete until he is married, then he is finished • Our office gardening expert reports: "My potato crop turned out very well this year. Some were as big as marbles, some were as big as your head, of course, there were also quite a few little ones." • Talking Point: It's a pity chauffeurs didn't tell us when as well as how to speak • Which leads us to recall the voice of experience we overheard the other day again, "Doesn't your wife write, or at anything?" • Funny Business: At an election for officers of a New York women's club recently, twice as many votes were cast as there were members present • Most nappers want a man with a future; but most any old maid will settle for a future with a man • Paragraph for Punditology: Marriage is not a word, it is a sentence • Then there was the escaped convict who laughed when he read they were putting bloodhounds on his tail • he knew he was defenseless • Town Talk: The best way to treat a man who drinks too much is seldom • A pessimist, they say, is a man who has been in business with an optician • *Planchon's Father*: Many a man goes off for a day's fishing and doesn't catch anything until he gets home • We know of a little girl at a wedding who went home in tears because the bride had changed her mind . . . she went up the aisle with one man and came back with another • *Society Snippets*: Approach a school the way you used to do when you were a child . . . slowly • Hear about the beautiful nurse they all call appealing . . . because only the doctor can take her out • Then there was the eight-year-old napper who wanted "Quakers are very mean, quiet people who never fight or answer back. My father is a Quaker. But my mother is not" • *Stars of the Times*: "Woman: 'Is anything all right, or?'" • One look at the famous light side is enough to convince one that beauty is no longer the last policy • Which naturally brings us to remark that a touch of beauty has a boy for ever • *International Note*: Diplomacy is the art of letting someone have your own way • You know about the miner who invented the wild watch . . . he didn't want to keep on putting his head in his pocket • See us at your earliest convenience, here our favorite pseudonym.

**OUR SHORT STORY:** A reporter recently telephoned a well-known movie star to confirm a story that she was about to divorce her fourth husband. She replied: "Divorce him? Don't be silly! Why, I hardly know the man."

# KATH KING THE PHANTOM WOMAN

BY PAUL BELBIN  
AND  
JOSEPH OCHSNER







MY DEAR LADY, WE BE-  
LIEVED MR. LANGE WAS  
MURDERED!



WHY? HIS WIFE SAID  
HE WAS



IT WAS HARRIS HE  
CALLED IN .....



... FOR QUESTIONING  
THE ANSWERS OF  
SOME LADIES WENT TO  
KNOW WHO THE WOMAN  
WAS WHO ASKED THE  
SERVE THE QUESTIONS



TO HATH KING COMES THE  
WHO IDEA A  
THAT LUCY LANGE HER  
HUSBAND HAD LEFT A  
WOMAN TOLD THE AS-  
SISTANT COMPANY LANGE  
LANGE WAS, SICK!!



NATH CONFESSED HE  
THOUGHT TO TELL TO  
SOLVE THE DISAPPEARANCE  
OF LANGE LANGE THERE  
IS A WOMAN TO BE FOUND



I DON'T  
KNOW! THAT'S A  
JOB TO THE  
MURDER?



-- IT WAS THAT WOMAN  
WHO WAS PRODDING  
AROUND THE ASSISTANT  
PLANT ABOUT LANGE  
DISAPPEARING



THE NEWS GOES ROUND  
THE ALLEGED STORIES OF  
THE ALLEGED COMPANY  
THAT A WOMAN HAS  
BEEN TRYING TO FIND  
OUT ABOUT LANGE LANGE  
SOME LOOKER, TOO



AS THE NEWS GOES  
ROUND LANGE LANGE DOES  
HIS JOB - HE WISES  
OF THOSE, AND



AT THE GRAPHIC OFFICE,  
LATH GETS A TELEPHONE  
CALL FROM A WOMAN  
WHO WANTS TO SEE  
HERE AND .....



-- THE VISITOR ASKED  
AND OFFERED HER  
INFORMATION ABOUT  
THE MAN CALLED ABOUT  
SOME LANGE, MYSTERY

FOLLOWING THIS MURDER, KATHY HONG GOES WITH HER VISITOR . . .



"I WONDER IF KATHY'S HOLDING OUT ON ME?"



A QUICK CONFERENCE WITH A POLICE SUPERVISOR LEADS TO THE CONCLUSION THAT KATHY MUST BE REACHED BEFORE SHE'S BEEN KIDNAPED LONG ENOUGH TO CAUSE ALARM.



TRUCK TONTO GOES TO THE HALLWAY, WHERE HE HAD BEEN Brought IN, AND THREATENS AS THE HUSBAND, BUT KATHY'S WOMAN. HE IS BADLY BEATEN UP . . .



WHAT'S YOUR INTEREST IN KATHY HONG?



KATHY COULDN'T TALK HER OF ANYTHING BY WHAT WAS HAPPENED, AND KNOWS NOTHING.



HE WAS SLIPPED FROM A CAR, WE'RE TRACKING THE TRUCK TONTO.



TRUCK TONTO TO PICK UP A LEAD FROM LUCKY WANG, BUT HE IS VERY DISAPPOINTED. KATHY'S WITH HER HUSBAND'S INFIDELITY . . .



"I'M SURE LARRY HAS BEEN MURDERED."



TONTO, ALARMED BECAUSE KATHY HONG HAD BEEN KIDNAPED, TELLS HER HUSBAND'S NAME.



AS A CAR ROLLS ON THE ROAD, THE TRUCK TONTO, LUCKY WANG, AND HIS FEET, STRIKE AGAIN.



WHAT'S WRONG? YOU'LL HAVE TO GET OUT! QUICK!





WHILE LUCY LARGE ADMITS  
CRASH CITY IS DRIVE BY  
HER POLICE OF POLICE TWO  
LARGE POLICE, TRUCK TWO  
SERIES HAS CHARGES  
RELEASED TO HER FIRST,  
AND



—BOLD AND HELPFUL,  
BOTH WERE TO BE USED  
INTO THE ROOM



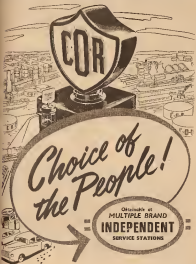
TRUCK MAKES SHORT WORK  
OF THE TWO TOLLS  
SO YOU WERE THE WOMAN  
BEHIND THE CRASHCARS  
HE ACCUSED LUCY SHE  
ARMEDLY ADMITS SHE  
HELPED DRIVE HER TWO-  
BAND HIGHWHEELS—FOR  
THE ANCEAST SECRETS



THE TYREMARKS ON THE  
CAR CRACK WITH THOSE  
FOUR BEAK, HARKING IN  
BODY, LUCY LARGE HAD  
SAID TOO MUCH, AND AN  
EMBROIDERY SPY KING IS  
BEHOLD



Throughout Australia the demand is for—





# MARY TOOK

# HIM WITH HER



FRANK S. GREENOP

THEY came round the door weren't checking a tollbo they were standing in suddenly ranks along the edges of the wide lawn. They were a crowd of humans that attended Vladimir Munk by day and night. They drew attention to how far back his house stood from the street and the street itself was exclusive and well-lined.

The throngs weren't all on the road. The news on the radio scratched the sky but the throngs in the latter Vladimir Munk held in his hand were deeply into the flesh.

Something about the handwriting on the envelope had been familiar. Familiar in the sense that he liked it uncopied from the telephone table where the news got the road, and took it into the garden to be read.

He read it among the roses.

Billy came out of the side porch with his long legs flailing from the loosely belted bathing robe as she ran barefoot across the grass, down the slope behind the house. High ribbons bunched belted her from every gate as she let the robe slide off, and ran into the water of the swimming pool with barely a splash.

Vladimir Munk stuffed the damned letter into his pocket and watched

the condensation of clear water in the sunlight, and the glowing tracery of Billy's creamy skin, trailing languently just beneath the surface.

The sight of all that Billy showed left him as cold as a jam advertisement. It is worry that makes man impatient worry and fear. Vladimir's lip twisted as he twisted the words of Scripture. "Perfect love casteth out fear," he thought. In his pocket the postman's fingers crushed at the letter that brought him that perfect fear.

+ + +  
 Dear Vlad—I don't want to come back into your life any more than you would like to come back into mine. What we had was wonderful, and I cherish the memory of it too much to even risk the disappointment that might come now, should . . .  
 No, my dear Vlad, I don't want any of the fabulous money you have made, either. I do not envy it, and I do not want it, and I could not try that dirty blackmailing trick even if I felt like doing so, because it would destroy the only lovely thing I have now, my memories. But there is one touch spot in my life just now, Vlad, and I would like to have a little help just the help that you might come to see me. There are no

BACK INTO THE PAST HE DELVED, BACK TO A GIRL HE HAD LEFT BEHIND FOR A PAUPERED BLONDE AND A SWIMMING POOL.

strains to it, my dear. It is a very simple wish that will cost you nothing, but it will mean, oh, so much to me.

Yours

The signature is in the address, did anyone else ever call you Viki?

♦ ♦ ♦

No one else had ever called him Viki. Sully came out of the water and stood glancing wistfully and laughing.

"Take a plunge, Vel," she called. "Come on!"

He pushed the letter down into a corner of his pocket and walked slowly towards the pool, forcing a smile.

"Good to hear!" he asked. "I won't tell you," she teased. "Come and find out!"

He stood, motionless. She tapped her wet hands round his arm and shook him.

"What's the matter, big bear?" "Don't, Sully," he said. He was angry because there was a plaintive note in his voice.

"Oh, don't!" she pouted. "Don't you like me any more?"

"Don't be a fool!" His voice carried an edge. She laughed and pushed him.

"Oh, cool off!" she advised.

He was right; unreason on the edge, softened for a moment. Then she pushed him again, and now him go on, children and all, and she stood laughing as he broke the surface, shaking the water out of his eyes.

She held out her hand to help him out, and laughing and apologized.

"How could I have done and have a drink, as you'll catch cold," she said.

It had happened before, and he hadn't caught pneumonia. He had too. But he had lost his. As he stood in the sunlight it felt warmer after the cold shower. The water had

shocked him back, and he felt clear-headed again.

"Come on, Sully," he said, and put his sudden arm around her bare waist. They went up to the house together, and she left her gown lying on the grass where it had fallen. They sat on the terrace in garden chairs and drank their drinks, she in her white, newly transparent little swimming trunks, and he in a pair of shorts. The later afternoon sun beat on them, and he had the illusion that things were good.

Sully came and sat on his knee and looked very absently for a young wife, but she sensed that he was not at the mood.

"Vel," she accused, leaning heavily against him, "you have something on your mind."

"A business hitch, that's all," he said.

"That? Forget it!"

While he dreamed he memorized the address on the letter. After dinner he said he was going out.

"You will then," she said. "Have your old club. I'll probably play strip poker with the boys."

He laughed. "You just don't!"

At least, he reflected as he drove the car through town, he had managed to leave in the usual light-hearted way. The club? It had little indeed to do with the given address—the club address, from which Marj had written, he did not even care to leave his car there in the street. He parked in an alley and took a taxi.

In the taxi he wondered whether he looked a little too well dressed. And he thought of Marj.

He had to go back 25 years to think of her. Back 25 years to a girl who had more womanhood packed between her thin little chin and her slender ankles than had ever dreamed of. Back 25 years to a rare peach-a-week flit-and you couldn't

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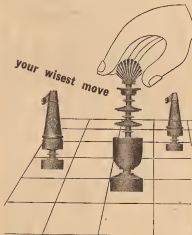
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"That depends on what makes you live," she said. "You make me live."  
"That would wear off in a week."  
"In a week we shall see."  
"And then get a divorce?"

She curled her arm round his neck.  
"How can we get a divorce? We won't even married!" And she laughed as she kissed him.

He himself had said the neighbours' danceabouts wouldn't even know, she reminded. They'd just live there—and one day he would be rich, and then they'd get married.

And that's how it was.

Not for a week, as he'd suggested, but for two and a half spiky years. Struggling years, hopeful years. They were worried and they lived in sin, but things went well and they were happy. Then he hit it rich . . .

"There you are, my dear and precious!"

He paid the taxi driver and sat out and stood looking at the shabby old stone tenement. The spiky iron gate creaked on its hinges; the front door was only a pane behind it, and was open. When the girl creaked a girl came out of a room and stood in the doorway, her open dressing gown showing her nakedly to him.

"Hello, dearie," she said.

He swallowed the revelation that choked him and said, "Is Mary here?"

"Glad to see you, but no use to you," the girl said. She thrust back her dressing gown and put one hand on her hip. "What's so much about me?" she asked breezily.

He looked away. "I want Mark," he said.

The girl told him then, and he went along the narrow hall and up the stairs, and heard the girl's voice and a man's behind him. He threw the door open and the room was dark. He closed the door, shutting out the muffled voices below, and stood in the darkness. Then he groped along

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No. 1000, Carlton, S.E.W., 10th Dec., 1931.—"I have never realized, so much more, and I delight myself in doing more thinking and thinking."—MR. 1000, Carlton Office.

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Letter up to People's War, 10th Dec., 1931.—"I have improved my memory by much more and can now think in a much more."—MR. 1000, Carlton Office.

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the wall and switched on the light. Wrong room. Lying on the bed, covered against the warm night air with a quaking sheet, a hollow-chested, grey-haired dame opened her eyes.

"Borry," Victoria Mank said, "I made a mistake."

The woman on the bed rolled on to her side and opened her eyes again, blinking at the light. "Hello, Vicky," she said, and patted the quaking bed woefully. "Sit here, my darling!"

He wanted to be asked, "You're not—Mary?" But he knew she was.

He made the effort to push gradually on the edge of the bed. She did not try to talk; she looked too sick and weak to talk.

He thought of the two and a half stifled years, and of how she had left him because, she said, he was starting to drink too much. A rose. A rose at the time when he was coming good, and feeling his power, and knew he could get her back tomorrow—but never did.

"Where do you want, Mary?" He didn't try to make conversation or sympathy.

"I just wanted to see you—before—oh all over!" She spoke in phrases fitted into groups of breathing.

"Hush!" he said, "Listen, Mary. I've got money. I'll get you out of here . . ."

She opened her eyes and said, "Money, money, money!" Just like she'd said it that night on the beach. "Oh, Vicky," she said, "what's money? I wrote you I didn't want it!"

"What did you want?"

"Only," she said, but with a little stronger through emotion, "only that I couldn't die without seeing you, my darling. It's so dark . . ."

Her voice choked, but she was still breathing. He bent over her, and she was almost unconscious. He stood awkwardly for a moment, and then



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stumbled to the door. He didn't know what he should do.

He didn't open the door; another man did that. A man who smiled. "Watcha want, man?"

Vladimir glanced towards the bed. "A doctor," he said. "She-she's . . ."

"Waste of good money," the man said. "Screen."

Vladimir grabbed the man by his going coat. "Look here," he said, "she is life and death. May as . . ."

The man's bunched fist thrust into his mouth, and he left his teeth clenched. The next, warm taste of blood came from the river, and then the pain started.

"Go, go on, get out!" the man said, and pushed Vladimir open and went sideways down the stairs, lost his footing, and sprawled, bumping to the bottom. He still lay there when moment laughter and a bubble of second came. He scrambled up.

The naked girl in the dressed gown stood looking down at him. As she saw his face the smile died out of her eyes. Her hand once opened on a harsh, underdone voice. She called him a name a bullyboy wouldn't use to his team. "Go on—man," she said and kicked at his stomach with the pointed toe of a cheap, truffled shoe. "Get going or I'll do you over. Run for life, 's well." She laughed merrily.

Vladimir Monks scrambled to his feet and yelped through the doorway. He felt clumsy, and breathless, and his mouth hurt. Mostly he felt sore inside—and when he was out of the dark little street into the daylight, and the feet stopped for him, he slumped into the softness of the dark back and trembling to the point of asphyxiation. He didn't care to drive his car, he had the taxi take him right home.

Sally was awake.

She came into his dressing room in

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a playful sort of thing she called  
"Sleepers," that made her look as if  
she had really played five strip poker  
games—and lost badly. When she saw  
his face she stopped.

He reached something about a inch  
"Oh, darling! I want . . ." As  
she read what she meant to do for it  
she put her arm around him, and he  
galled away.

"Oh, you poor dear, you're shaken  
up. I'll get you a whiskey."

He growled at her. "Get me back  
to bed, Sal."

She came back with the whiskey,  
and he couldn't see her, he could see  
the curve-packed body of Mary, 30  
years ago, when they could only af-  
ford a bottle of whiskey every six  
months. He put the drink on his draw-  
ing table, and held his head in his  
hands.

Weakly he looked up at the spoke  
to him. "Get going, Sal, get back to  
bed," he said. "I'll be all right."

She looked down at him for a  
moment, panted; then she turned  
and went, slowly. He watched the  
muscles of her legs, moving lightly,  
somewhere it reminded him of the first  
time he saw Mary naked, that delirious  
night 30 years ago when she had  
decided that respectability didn't  
matter.

He had the illusion for a moment  
that that was Mary walking away  
from him now, and he felt, as he  
would have felt on that night of 30  
years before, the acute of swampy  
desolation of being without her.

He rapped his head and his lips  
formed the name of Mary; he won-  
dered whether he actually said the  
name, for Sal looked round in the  
doorway, her big eyes narrow, her  
lips half parted as though about to  
speak. But no, he decided, and then  
he felt the sense of physical shock  
that it wasn't the face of Mary look-  
ing at him, and then the door closed,

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and he felt cold, empty and alone.

Long afterwards he looked over the untroubled drink as he put up and undressed. He saw the light on the bed, eyes closed, breathing evenly. What had that been to him? He had nothing against her; she went to him. He'd been rich when he met her, and she had had everything. . . .

Vladimir couldn't explain it. It was just that suddenly he remembered that Mary had been there, when money didn't matter, and marriage didn't matter, and Mary had seen it through with him.

You, she had had everything—except that she wasn't Mary, and he'd forgotten for the moment all that Mary was. Or had he forgotten it? Perhaps in the first flush of his success he had been a little blind to some of the most beautiful things in her life. Certainly he had forgotten the picture on the heavily windowed hall with her, and it had been a long time since he looked her in the arms while they watched a sunset together. Success had brought the dimly lit hall lights of underground places, and the heavy glistening rooms, and women who lay as could, but very lovely ladies. And Emily.

Emily hadn't actually belonged in the world of money. She looked just, and she was built for photography. She had the kind of sensuously soft face that you see in perfume advertisements. She looked something that she had never been. But maybe her head she had a brain, under her curving bosom she had a heart; and she had fallen deeply in love with Vladimir Hank.

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answered. She had been patient when he was busy, and amazing when he was overcautious, and physically powerful.

She had made him forget everything that had happened before. And that was her talent, and it was made easier because she had a man who wanted to forget.

And because of her, he had forgotten Mary. He had forgotten Mary so thoroughly that now she came back with all the force of a new discovery. Mary dominated his mind again—and suddenly nothing that had happened since Mary mattered, but what had happened to Mary mattered terribly—personally.

It wasn't anything against Sally, it was just that she hadn't been in the world where Mary and he had been. Nothing could make them as close together as Mary and he had been. And nothing could take Mary out of his life—Mary, whose only demand of him had ever been that she might see him before she died.

Then Vladimir went downstairs and got the whisky. Through the glow of it he saw Mary as she had been. That she had gone forever he couldn't

believe, and the whisky didn't help him. The more he drank the sadder, and the more alert, he became, until he realized that the beaten old dog he had seen that night was only the unburied corpse of something he did not dare to lose.

The more he drank, it was true, when they found him; but he was not drunk when he did it. Sally was safe, and young enough to be happy, anyway. But, rather than live with the memory of what he had made Mary, he had aspired, deeply, and deadly out his throat.

The note he left explained everything, though those who read it and smelt the whisky didn't understand. It simply said, "The law was not broken by what I did; but I destroyed life and this is the death penalty I married."

It was too serious to laugh about, and Sally and he'd been overworked in his business. They said, "of unusual mind", but nobody was more sober and more than Vladimir Morzh when he went to meet his widow. The truth was, Morzh took her with her.

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# Talking Points

## IT MAKES YOU LAUGH

Called the "father of the modern practical joke" is Theodore Hook. His most famous exploit concerned a Mrs. Tottelington, a London "lady of easy virtue." With artistic skill he wrote 300 letters in her name. They all asked the recipients to call at her house at 10 rue on November 31, 1850.

When the appointed women opened her door at the appointed hour, she found 'em on the step, or clattering up the street to the delight of a mob, the Duke of Gloucester, the Lord Mayor, the Governor of the Bank of England, the chairman of the East India Company, dozens of peers of the realm, and hundreds of tradesmen.

Since the time of Hook, many devoted houses have appeared on the scene, notably the late Monroe de Vere Cole, who spent his life and fortune running hoaxing to an art. You'll find a bright survey of his doings, and those of several other classic pranksters, on page 34.

## MAN STRAYLING

Blackbidding was a cruel and infamous trade, but the victims it drew were a weird and picturesque crew. Take Captain One Eye, who ranged the Pacific for human cargo in the 1830's. He would threaten a native chief that, unless a certain number of men were supplied, he would waste everyone in the village to lay out of his eyes.

To show he was capable of such cruelty, he would then solemnly drop

his own glass eye out of its socket into his hand.

There were others just as celebrated—Captain Jeremy, Timberbee Pooder and, of course, the notorious "Bully" Hayes. Probably the most adventuresome and nastily of them all, however, was huge, red-haired, buzz-cutting Russ Lewis. On page 34, Clem Lock gives you the full details of his full-blooded career.

## HIS FATHER WAS A BUTCHER

And so was Jesse Penneroy, we might add. In the past Jack Herring has discovered some strange characters in his constant delving into the darkest paths of crime. In Jesse Penneroy, however, he has unearthed a boy whose playful games-on as child Darwin would be hard to equal for sheer natural wickedness. If you have been towards the moonies, "The White-Eyed Killer" on page 44, should be just your dish.

## NEXT MONTH

We have an outstanding line-up on the way for you in next month's CAVALCADE. If your fancy is for backbayot business, look for "The Face Made History," the lowdown on the bad but bewitching Helen of Troy. Lester May has also done a fine feature, "He Chase History," on the pirate Van Gough. Cedric Montgomerie takes you down to history in "Golden Lore of Baymerville." Finally, don't miss a piece of a fiction yarn, "Makins to Courville" on tonight's hot fightin' much in the way Ernest Hemingway used to write of it.

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